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BEECHAM'S PILLS

CURE BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
And all STOMACHIC TROUBLES.

Beecham's Pills

REMOVE WIND AND PAINS IN THE STOMACH,
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STRENGTHEN THE STOMACH.

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PURIFY THE BLOOD AND REMOVE SCURVY,
ARE MILD BUT EFFECTIVE IN THEIR ACTION,
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Have stood the Test of over FIFTY YEARS without the Publication of Testimonials,
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LAUGH, and the WORLD laughs WITH you.
WEEP, and you WEEP ALONE.

DISASTERS are in reality the stepping stones to FUTURE ADVANCEMENT.

IMPURE BLOOD is the groundwork of nearly every form of DISASTROUS DISEASE.

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acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world, and REMOVES BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all fœtid or POISONOUS MATTER. It is IMPOSSIBLE to OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in HEALTH or DISEASE.

It is HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING, assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS by Natural Means, and relieves the system of effete Gouty, Rheumatic matter, the groundwork of Fevers and other diseases.

Without such a SIMPLE PRECAUTION the JEOPARDY of LIFE is Immensely Increased.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ———, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

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GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR

PURE IN QUALITY. — STRENGTHENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

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Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

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KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

(Photograph of Arthur Saudell, aged 3 years.)

"I have used Koko for the Hair since I was quite a little chap."

(Facsimile.—The original may be seen at the Co.'s Offices.)

Governor's House,
H.M. Prison,
Birmingham.

Gentlemen,

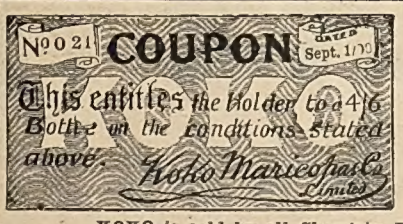
I am very much pleased with your Koko for the Hair. It is most excellent. My daughters now wish to try it. Please send two more bottles. Cheque enclosed.

Faithfully Yours
W. Forsdar Rees A.Surgeon

SPECIAL OFFER to those who have not yet tried **KOKO.**

A 4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any person forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Four Stamps to pay postage, packing, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, prepaid,


No 021
COUPON
DATED Sept. 1/09
This entitles the holder to a 4/6 Bottle on the conditions stated above.
Koko Maricopas Co Limited

One Regular 12oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair, the price of which is **4/6,** provided it is ordered within **ten days from the date of this offer.** In no case will more than one bottle be sent for the use of the same person on this Coupon, as we make the offer solely for trial, knowing that it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically **give away** one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. **Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.**
Address all Orders with Coupons to—

The KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, London.

Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons, and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, BEVIS MARKS, E.C., or 113, REGENT STREET, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally.

KOKO is sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per Bottle.

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"There's 'air"

Well! I saved the Money to buy

OGDEN'S

"GUINEA-GOLD"

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DEAFNESS AND DEFECTS OF HEARING.

THAT deafness is a very common ailment is a fact that needs no demonstrating. Many of our readers are subject to it, and there are few of them but can recall the case of some relative or friend who suffers from that affliction. But it will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that statistics show that the hearing of a fifth of the population of this country is more or less defective, or, in other words, the hearing of 20 per cent. of the inhabitants is affected. Such a proportion may appear exaggerated, but its accuracy is indisputable. At the same time, it may be observed that this proportion includes not only those who are totally deaf, but also those whose sense of hearing, without being completely lost, is often insufficient, and interferes with their social intercourse.

Deafness is rarely sudden. It is almost always progressive, imperceptible at first, then slowly becoming worse from month to month and year to year, the slow progress of the malady being hardly perceptible, till at last the day arrives when it is no longer possible for the sufferer to attribute his difficulty of hearing to the distance from or faulty enunciation of the person addressing him.

In other cases the defect of hearing is suddenly rendered worse by cold, chills, cold in the head, affection of the throat, or some other illness, especially fever.

It is after an attack of scarlatina, measles, smallpox, mumps, typhoid fever, etc., when the patient enters on convalescence, that he is often found to be suffering from deafness or discharge from the ears.

Again, following an attack of rheumatism or gout, the patient often finds that the defect in hearing has suddenly become worse, to the extent of complete deafness.

To those suffering from partial deafness, as well as those who, more seriously affected, have already tried various treatments without success, we recommend the perusal of a scientific publication, entitled the "Newspaper for the Deaf," which, while it cannot fail to interest them, as it deals exclusively with maladies affecting the Ear, Nose, and Throat, will give them full information as to the means of obtaining a cure.

The perusal of the "Newspaper for the Deaf" will satisfy sufferers in the most convincing manner of the value of the Drouet system of treatment by the detailed particulars of countless cures effected in seemingly hopeless cases. Many of the cases detailed in that paper represent, in fact, the very worst forms of aural complaints; cases where various kinds of treatment had been already unsuccessfully tried by sufferers who had been afflicted with deafness of ten or twenty years' standing. And these results are the best proof of the efficacy of the Drouet treatment.

The Drouet Institute is so convinced of this that an Autograph Room has been opened at that establishment, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. There may be seen many hundreds of letters from former patients, giving account of the remarkable results they have obtained, and the visitor will be able to satisfy himself of their authenticity.

Deafness is often said to be an infirmity more inconvenient than dangerous. This may be true in some cases, but when it is attended by other symptoms of ear disease, such as discharges, the worst complications are to be feared.

Many life assurance companies decline to insure those who suffer from discharge from the ears, while the others impose special conditions in such cases.

The following is an example of a complete cure obtained by a patient who had for long suffered from this grave complaint, and it also again proves that, contrary to popular belief, perforation of the tympanic membrane is not necessarily incurable. Miss J. Collin, Nottingham, had been affected with a discharge from the ear for a period of fifteen years. The tympanic membrane was perforated, and total deafness was experienced, accompanied by noises in the head. The ear complaint was also complicated by a chronic affection of the nose of a particularly grave type, known as ozœna, while the patient was anæmic and of rheumatic condition. On two occasions this lady had been seen by specialists, who informed her that the tympanic membrane was perforated, and that a cure was unlikely. Nasal douches were prescribed, with sundry medicines, which had no appreciable effect. After having followed their treatment for six months with no result, Miss Collin applied to the Drouet Institute, and was completely cured, as shown by the following letter:—

"Sept. 20, 1899.

"I now, after using your treatment, and having waited four months to see the after-effects, have great pleasure to add my testimonial. I am perfectly cured, can hear quite well, and, may add, am much improved in my general health. I only regret I had not heard of your Institute sooner. You would have saved me years of suffering. I shall be very pleased to have my letter published in the 'Newspaper for the Deaf.'

"J. COLLIN."

(The full address may be had on application.)

To prevent misunderstanding, it should be stated that the Drouet Institute does not profess to cure all cases submitted. It is unfortunately too true that in some cases the complaint is incurable, but at the same time, whatever the serious nature of the case may be, or of whatever long-standing, and though previous treatment has been unsuccessful, all hope is not lost, for the Drouet system of treatment is essentially different from all others, and in cases where other systems have failed it has almost always been successful, thus repeatedly effecting the seeming miracle of radically curing patients who had been on several occasions pronounced hopelessly incurable.

The "Newspaper for the Deaf" is forwarded free of charge to all who apply for it to the SECRETARY of the DROUET INSTITUTE, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W. Let us add that free consultations are given by correspondence, by means of a special report form, to those unable to leave home. The Consultation Room is open every day, except Sunday, from two till four. A charge is made for personal consultations given at the Institute. Special personal consultations may also be had at any time by previous arrangement. The Autograph Room is open for inspection from nine till five, the DROUET INSTITUTE being particularly desirous of proving that all the remarkable cures it has been so successful in effecting are absolutely authentic.

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IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice,** and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Pl., Liverpool.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, **SANITARY** 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

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(Patented).

A NEW SANITARY WATER PAINT.

HAS GREAT ADVANTAGES, some of which are as follows:

That it Sets Hard, Kills Vermin, and Disinfects.
That it is Washable in three weeks, does not Scale, and can be Painted or Varnished.
It is made in Dark Rich Shades as well as in Light Tints, contains no Lead, and does not turn Black.
It is equally suitable for outside as well as inside application.
It only requires the addition of Water to make it ready for use, so that anybody can apply it.
It is cheaper, cleaner, and more artistic than wall-paper.

It is sold by leading Chemists, Drysalters, and Ironmongers, and manufactured by

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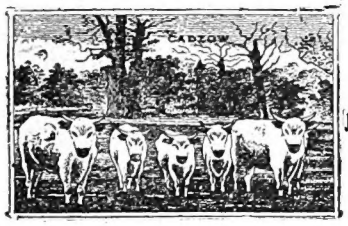
TRADE  MARK.

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THE LANCET says, June 17th, 1893: "Thoroughly matured Its character in regard, especially to taste and aroma, is quite consistent with the statement that this Whisky is kept in bond from ten to thirteen years."

GRANVILLE H. SHARP says: "Possesses an especially fine aroma and flavour that is only obtainable by time."

44s. per doz. case, Carriage Paid. Sample Bottle, 4s., Carriage Paid.

Cash with Order or Reference.

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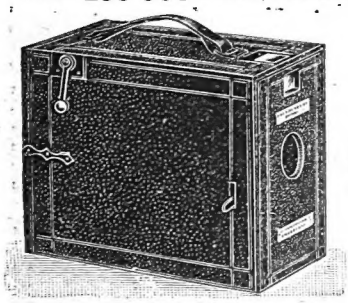

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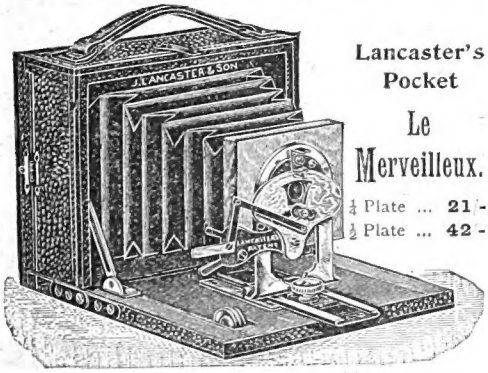
¼ Plate ... **10/6**

With Rack Adjustment,

15/- and 21/-



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¼ Plate ... 21/-

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WHY is it generally thought that there is no cure for Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, BLOOD SPITTING, etc.?

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease.

BE SURE THERE IS ONE

ABSOLUTE LASTING CURE.

Sufferers will receive, Post Free, FREE of CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to the Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute,
16, T.F., Buckingham Road, Brighton.

I have tried the treatment on myself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured myself, and have since practised it for over 19 years in many thousands of special cases. Many having suffered for over 40 years have been cured by my treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE.

No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

Read the following Testimonial, one out of scores received.

Asthma, combined with Blood-Spitting (6 years Standing), Cured.

MISS VINCENT (From a Photo.)

I have been a sufferer from Bronchial Asthma 6 years. If I exerted myself in the least, I should become short of breath, and wheezed so that I could be heard all over the house. The least cold in the head would go to the chest. I began to spit blood; could not rest day or night. Sometimes I should spend the night pacing the bedroom floor sitting at the window, and propping myself up quite erect with pillows, very often uselessly. I felt worse tired when I got up in the morning than when I went to bed. It brought me so low and weak that I had given up all hopes of ever being better, having tried everything we could hear of. I am pleased to say I feel as well as ever I did at the present time. If I get a cold it passes off without my former trouble. I can rest well, and do my work with pleasure. Walking used to be a burden to me; now it is a pleasure.

Buddington. (Miss) A. VINCENT.

(Address on application).

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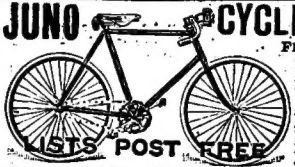

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IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

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Avoid chemical crystals, which have no healthful effect.

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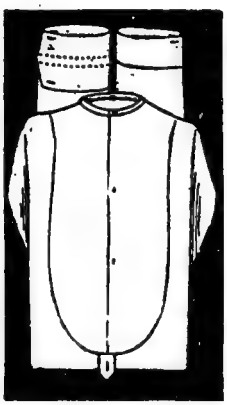

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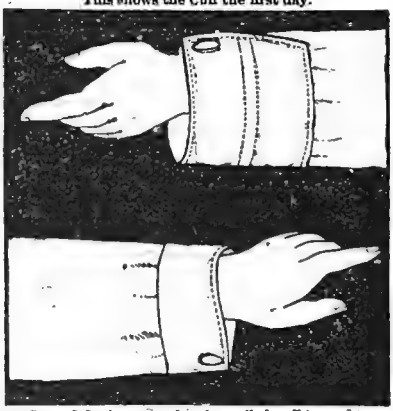

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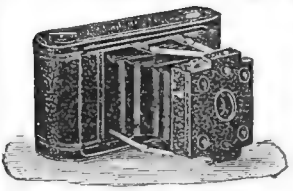

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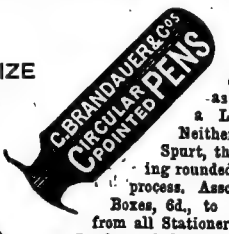

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by C. Lawson Wood.		
THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS FORCING THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU TO ABDICATE ... ... From a Drawing by J. J. Cameron.		*Frontispiece.*
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	363
THE EVIDENCE OF THE SWORD. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by C. Lawson Wood.	RAFAEL SABATINI	370
THE SLAVE GIRL WHO MOUNTED A THRONE ... ... Illustrated with Photographs, Engravings, and Native Drawings.	REGINALD MAINGAY	379
NICEST, PRETTIEST AND BEST. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by G. Malcolm Patterson.	DOROTHEA DEAKIN	390
THE WAR IN TOYLAND ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARTHUR C. BANFIELD	396
THE STORY OF A RED ROSE. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Harold Copping.	R. NEISH	400
A BEAUTY FACTORY ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	CHAUNCEY MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN	408
A CITY MAN. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	ALFRED HURRY	412
THE KING OF HANDCUFFS ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	418
FEEDING A BATTLESHIP. Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	421
TO IANTHE. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by R. Pannett.	MARVIN DANA	428
THE WAR ON PICTORIAL POSTCARDS ... ... Illustrated from original French and German Postcards.	CLIVE HOLLAND	429
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story ... ... Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	432
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY ... ... Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		439
A SIGNAL SUCCESS. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by A. Popini.	R. AUSTIN FREEMAN	441
AT LOVE'S THRONE. A Poem ... ... Illustrated by R. Percy Gossop.	ANNIE G. HOPKINS	448

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS FORCING THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU TO ABDICATE ON JANUARY 24th, 1900.

(See page 388.)

Google

Photo by Lafayette.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Holidays. By the time these lines appear in print most of my readers will be off, somewhere or another, holiday-making. And very pleasant holidays I am sure I hope they one and all will have.

They will take their cameras and I trust will obtain some most excellent photographs. May I venture, too, to hope that such as desire it may secure not merely interesting but profitable results. After all there is an immense satisfaction in feeling that one has not only had an enjoyable holiday but that it has paid for itself. There is no earthly reason why a holiday should cost anything, or at any rate why the greater portion of the expense should not be covered by the proceeds of one's skill with the camera.

It is simply a question of making proper use of one's brains and taking a little trouble. A single snapshot of some peculiar incident may have a certain value, but the secret of profitable success lies in obtaining a good series of pictures of some interesting occasion or custom. The most expensive articles the editor of an illustrated magazine has to buy are those which are illustrated with photographs. Nowadays articles illustrated exclusively by artists have comparatively little value. The public appreciate the realism of a photograph and photographs therefore they must have.

Subjects for Profitable Photography. The natural and inevitable result is that an editor will pay far more for the photographs for an article than for the letterpress. After all, he probably knows any number of writers who can supply a thoroughly readable article. It is the pictures—after the subject—that constitute his chief difficulty.

My advice to such of my readers, therefore, who are not above turning a pastime

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Cooling Draught.

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Vol. IV.—September, 1900.—No. 23.

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to profitable account, is to keep a sharp look-out for interesting subjects for articles, and then to proceed to illustrate them by the aid of their cameras. It is not for me to suggest articles to my readers. If I had an idea I would go straight off and work it up myself. But the competition is open to anyone and everyone; and the prizes are worth winning. I once almost entirely paid for a trip to Italy by a single article which I worked up there. The great thing, of course, is to be original. By that I mean—don't set to work on a subject that has just been done in a magazine under the impression that you will do it much better. It must be fresh, or, if an old subject, it must be represented in an entirely new light.

Camera Fiends. I SEE that a photographic journal has been inveighing against the term "camera fiend" as applied to your ordinary, unobtrusive, but enthusiastic amateur photographer. I must say I thoroughly agree in the condemnation of the term, although I must own to having used it myself in a previous article. But, at the same time, I am not blind to the fact that the very enthusiasm of some amateurs, commendable as it may be theoretically, is in practice decidedly exasperating. The fact is, some people have a very small idea of how distasteful it is to certain folks to be photographed. It may be silly, but it does not lie with your amateur, or any other photographer, to teach people what in this particular matter may be philosophy, if not wisdom.

There are limits to all things, and the individual who succeeds in getting a snapshot of someone at a moment when he or she is looking her very worst and then rushes about exhibiting a print of it, is overstepping those limits.

Of course it is all a joke—or it may be, for there *is* such a thing as petty malice—but the joke is, at the best, of very doubtful taste. A most wise and safe principle for every amateur to bear in mind is to destroy at once any negative which happens to portray someone in a ridiculous attitude, or which has snapped a victim with an ugly and absurd expression. You may be pretty certain that the individual in question will, when shown the picture, turn the matter aside with a laugh. But he or she, as the case may be, regards you either as a fool for exhibiting

Photo by John H. Coath.

In the Farmyard.

Google

Photo by H. Stevens.

THE OLD ARMCHAIR.

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Photo by John H Coath.

Startled.

such stuff and being proud of it, or dislikes you for it.

Ill-advised Photography.

It is exactly the same on shipboard. I have travelled many, many thousands of miles on the sea, and I have invariably found that of two or more amateur photographers on board one, at least, is often thoroughly detested.

Young folks of either sex flirt with one another. If not why not? If Mr. Jones and Miss Smith are sitting abaft the wheel-box, what matter? It may be they are in earnest, or it may be *pour passer le temps*. Whichever it is, does it justify Robinson stalking them and, unbeknown to them, snapping them? Surely not.

It is very funny, mind you. Oh, of course it is *very* funny. And still more funny when Robinson having developed and printed the picture, shows it to every one and finally puts it under Jones's plate at luncheon. Very funny—but very rude. Some cyclists have been most appropriately termed "cads on castors," and for their sins of omission and commission the peaceful and polite cyclist often has to suffer. So too there are "camera cads"—camera fiends if you prefer it—on account of whom the ordinary well-behaved amateur photographer has sometimes to bear the burden of much undeserved odium.

Systematic Collecting.

It is curious how rarely the craze for systematic collecting is exhibited by the amateur photographer. Of course, I know that no more inveterate collector of bad negatives exists than the amateur photographer. Every plate he exposes he keeps. I really do not know why. I suppose there is a sort of sentimental interest even in an unsuccessful effort.

By systematic collecting I meant the gradual bringing together of photographs of some particular sort of thing in all its various forms. For instance, I was reading the other day of a gentleman who had made a collection of photographs of chimney-pots.

It appears that he travelled every morning in a certain ghastly institution—a morning express for business men. True to its kind, this particular express made prolonged halts at every available point where there was no station. During these frequent and painful sojourns our friend had ample opportunity to survey the surrounding scenery, and, seeing

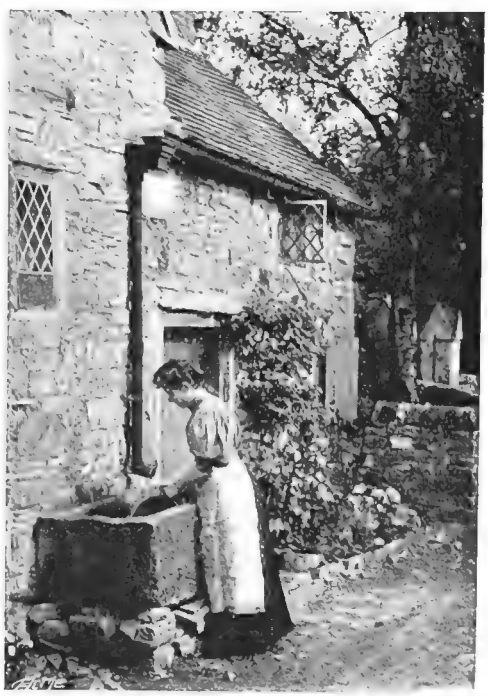

Photo by Charles F. Inston.

Early Morning.

Google

Photo by Knafft Bros.

THE NIGGER'S WEDDING.

Photo by Walton Adams.

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.

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that it consisted chiefly of chimney-pots, he began gradually to discover that there was a distinct individuality in chimney-pots. Apart from the endless difference in their sizes and shapes, he soon perceived that even the angle at which a pot chooses to tilt is, sometimes, to say the least of it, quaint.

Chimney-Pots. From studying pots to photographing them is not a far cry. With a hand camera this gentleman took a mean advantage of the vagaries of his express, and snapshotted any and every chimney-pot that struck him as peculiar. That was the beginning of his collection; for now he is prepared to go miles in order to obtain a picture of some quaint pot. Moreover, his collection must long have ceased to be merely a number of good, bad, and indifferent prints. They have each a particular interest as being part of a unique whole.

The moral of it is, why don't more amateurs do likewise? I don't limit the choice to chimney-pots, but there are endless subjects uninteresting in themselves when taken singly, and yet most amusing when grouped in a collection—gates, front-doors, door-knockers, sign-posts, tomb-stones, and goodness only knows what else.

From a Photo.

Mixed Bathing.

Washing Prints. I have come across a very simple but ingenious method of washing photograph prints. The general plan is to leave them in a basin with a running tap. Not everybody, however, and especially in summer, can manage a too extravagant use of running water.

Mr. Sercombe's suggestion is a way out of a real difficulty. All that you require is a supply of good-sized corks and some ordinary three-or four-a-penny tie clips. You split the narrow end of the cork and insert the long end of the clip. To make the clip still more secure run a pin through the cork and through the hole usually found at the end of the clip.

You will find as the result that you have a very serviceable little float, to which, after toning, you can attach your print. The hypo being heavy sinks to the bottom of your bucket or bath, and from half an hour to three quarters will suffice thoroughly to wash the prints.

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

An *Al fresco* Dance.

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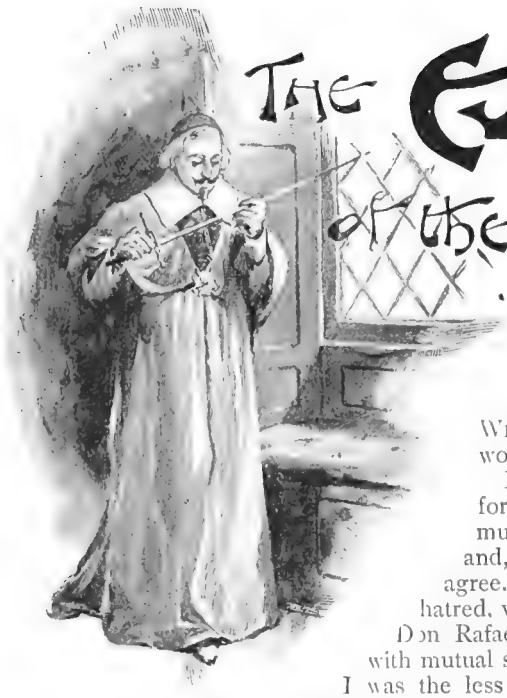

The Evidence of the Sword.

By Rafael Sabatini.

I.

When two men chance to love the same woman, they seldom love each other.

It appears unreasonable that it should be so, for such a state of things but proves how much their tastes lie in the same direction, and, therefore, how much they are fitted to agree. Yet in spite of this, dislike, and even hatred, will oft arise between them.

Don Rafael de Molina and I contented ourselves with mutual scorn, all the more bitter on my part since I was the less favoured suitor; all the more lofty and disdainful on his, since his wooing prospered passing well.

There were dark rumours abroad concerning the presence in Paris of this sleek and courtly Spaniard. 'Twas said on every hand when he was not by—for he wielded a tolerable rapier—that he was a ruffler of the Court of Spain, who, having fallen upon evil days, had pocketed his pride and taken secret service of a not over honourable character under Anne of Austria.

I took scant interest in the knave until he had the audacity to raise his eyes to Mademoiselle de Navéry. Then, of a sudden, I began to lend an ear to those who styled him a foreign spy. And when I saw him succeed with mademoiselle, where I had all but failed; when I saw the bold glance of unmasked meaning in his dark eyes when he addressed her, and the fatuous, self-complacent smile wherewith he listened to her answers, I felt convinced that what was said of him was true.

I might have picked a quarrel with him, but I had naught to gain by doing so; for, even if I succeeded in killing him, I should have to reckon with the Cardinal, whose edict against duelling was not a thing that one might make too free with.

I might have told His Eminence what title the Spaniard bore; but such a proceeding was too unworthy, and not to be dreamt of by Léon de Bret.

And so I contented myself with hating him cordially, and invoking every evil I could think of upon his head.

We were in the month of June, and the King was on the eve of leaving Paris for Blois. It was incumbent upon me, as one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, to accompany the Court. I made bold to ask Mademoiselle de Navéry's unnecessary permission, and she answered me with scant waste of compliments and a pretty toss of her fair head, that it was no affair of her's, and that I must follow my inclinations. Yet, when I told her that to follow my inclinations I must follow her, and that, since she went to Blois in the suite of Anne of Austria, I would accompany the King, she bit her lip and dubbed me *impertinent*. Dubbed *me* impertinent, *Pardieu!* for uttering words which would have brought a blush to her delicate cheeks and a smile to her red lips had they been uttered by that graceless de Molina.

It was with a heart full of bitterness that I left the Louvre that night, and turned my steps homeward, through the slippery streets—for a misty rain had prevailed since noon, and the mud lay deep upon the ground.

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Wrapped in my cloak, and a prey to thoughts that took no pleasant turn, I trudged moodily along until I reached the colonnade which borders the Place Royale. I was about to pass on, when, chancing to raise my head, my attention was arrested by the sight of two men pacing slowly to and fro in the middle of the square.

Now, as I have said, the night was rainy; moreover, had those two gentlemen in spite of that, still desired to enjoy an innocent promenade, methought it unlikely that they should choose the precincts of Place Royale to indulge their fancy, saturating their boots and risking a cold by stepping from one pool of water into another.

So I concluded that this was an assignation, and I waited to see another couple arrive, pitying the gentlemen that would have to strip in such weather.

But presently the twain stopped, and from where I stood I could just make out their voices raised in altercation, although I heard not what was said.

Then, of a sudden, they sprang apart. Their cloaks flew from them. There was a familiar rasp, and the white glitter of steel followed by a clash, as, with scarcely a word of warning those two engaged.

Astonishment and curiosity held me glued to the pillar against which I leant, and for some moments I watched them as best I could in the uncertain light. I saw the left hand of one of the combatants drop from its upheld position. I watched it running round the waist, then pause, then rise again clutching a short shining object.

For a moment I marvelled at this, then suddenly I understood, and with a loud cry I dashed forward to prevent what I saw was about to resolve itself into an assassination.

But I had understood too late; for even as I sprang into the square, the victim stretched forward with a lunge. His opponent's sword moved not to the parry, but his left hand shot out, and the dagger it held turned the stroke aside, while simultaneously he bent forward and transfixed his man by a vigorous thrust.

Then, hearing my footsteps, he freed his rapier. Gathering his cloak about him, and lifting it so as to conceal his face, he darted a glance at me from over his shoulder as he turned to run.

"Stop, assassin!" I shouted wildly, as I prepared to give chase. But as I reached the spot of the encounter and cast a sidelong glance at the prostrate figure, something familiar in the outline drew my attention and made me pause.

I turned, and stooping I raised the mud-bespattered head. A pair of eyes, wide open and mutely appealing, looked at me from out of the well-known countenance of Raoul de Navéry—Mademoiselle's brother.

Horrified at my discovery, I dropped on to my right knee, and pillowing his head upon my left, I proceeded to examine the nature of his hurt. 'Twas as I had expected. The murderer's sword had entered his breast full on the left side, close to the heart. Raoul was bleeding inwardly, and in a few moments would be dead.

I loosened his doublet so that he might breathe with as little pain as possible, and as I did so, I caught a faintly murmured word of thanks.

"Who was it, Ferdinand?" I inquired, taking his hand in mine.

"De Molina," he answered, in a hoarse whisper—"Foul stroke; he used a dagger." A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"I know it, *mon ami*," I answered; "I saw the parry. The dastard shall account to me."

He smiled feebly.

"Thanks, dear friend!" he said. Then, after a pause: "Bend lower, Léon," he murmured; and, as I obeyed, I faintly caught from the dying lips:

"He is a spy in the pay of the Queen Mother. There is a plot to poison the Cardinal. Warn him. Take care of my sister, she is——"

He stopped abruptly, and a shudder convulsed his body for a moment: then, with a long drawn sigh, he became still.

Overwhelmed by the tragedy I had witnessed and the news I had heard, I remained in my kneeling posture with my arms about the poor clay of him, who but a few moments ago, had been as strong and brave a gentleman as any in France, and wondered dimly how I should carry the awful news to the woman I loved.

But I was at length aroused from my sorrowful musings by the tramp of feet and the jangle of accoutrements, and presently I saw a body of men approaching across the square.

At a glance I recognised the uniforms of Richelieu's guards. Someone carried a lanthorn swinging on a pike, and, by the scant rays it shed, I discerned with glad astonishment—for I imagined that he was under arrest—the swart face and pointed beard of Rafael de Molina.

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But even as I looked his arm went up and his finger pointed towards me, whilst in his soft southern accent came the words:

"*Tenez*, Monsieur de Bret is still there."

The next moment, and before I could grasp the situation, I was confronted by an officer and six troopers, and in their wake a morbid, curious crowd of all grades from courtiers to mendicants, which rapidly encircled us, and well-nigh drove me frantic with its babbling.

Molina stood beside the officer, and surveyed me with a glance of malicious triumph which I was puzzled to understand.

"This is a sad business, Monsieur de Bret," said the officer, with an ominous shake of the head, as, stooping, he put his hand to poor De Navéry's heart. "Dead," he muttered. "Worse and worse; and so irregular. No seconds. I am afraid it will fare badly with you, monsieur."

A light began to break upon my mind.

"*Diable!*" I ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

He drew himself up, and his foot struck against my sword. I had drawn it when I sprang to De Navéry's rescue, and I had heedlessly dropped it when I stooped to tend the fallen man.

"There is a witness, Monsieur de Bret," the officer answered respectfully, but firmly. "This gentleman," he continued, indicating De Molina with his thumb, "saw you fight and recognised you—unfortunately when it was too late. Did you not, monsieur?"

"I did," the Spaniard answered slowly, "and I ran to summon you."

"*Ventre St. Gris!*" I cried, springing to my feet and facing them, "this is preposterous!"

"I am afraid that it is not," answered the officer coldly. "I must trouble you for your sword."

For the moment the thought of opposing him and giving my version of the story occurred to me. Then, realizing how futile this would prove and that I might but flounder deeper into the quagmire wherein I stood already, I resolved to keep my narrative for the Cardinal's ear and to deliver it along with De Navéry's message. Richelieu knew me and held me in some esteem. I might rely upon his justice.

With a proud glance at De Molina I lifted the baldrick unconsciously over my head, nor did I understand the officer's puzzled stare until I saw that from it hung an empty scabbard.

The officer looked about him, whilst the swelling crowd set up a curious murmur, and some callous ones laughed, even in the presence of the dead, at my embarrassment.

Then noting that De Navéry's sword lay under him, the officer

"There is a plot to murder the Cardinal. Warn him," I caught from his dying lips.

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stooped, and lifting my naked rapier from the ground returned it to its sheath.

"The evidence is complete," he muttered, and again he shook his head. "Monsieur de Bret, I pity you. 'Tis a hanging matter."

He turned his back abruptly upon me, and bidding two men take up the corpse he ordered the others to surround me.

"Way there! Make way!" cried the guards that preceded me, and with the butt end of their pikes they persuaded the crowd to let us through.

II.

Ventre St. Gris, but my position was an unenviable one! And as I sat ruminating in the dark upon my prison bed I realised it to the full. The news would be all over Paris by then that Léon de Bret had killed a man in the Place Royale.

The King would know and the Cardinal would know—which troubled me but little—and Renée de Navèry would know—which troubled me overmuch.

What would she think? Had the Spaniard carried the news to her, and had he perchance—since he accused me of killing the man whom he had killed—also accused me of his full crime? Would he dare to say that I had struck a foul blow, and that I had not merely killed Raoul de Navéry, but *murdered* him?

The grating of a key in the door interrupted my miserable thoughts and reminded me of supper—for albeit a man must die to-morrow he must sup to-night.

I turned to greet my gaoler with an oath for having kept me waiting thus long, when, to my surprise, a cloaked and hooded figure entered the dismal chamber, and I heard a woman's voice which I recognized in a moment and which set my nerves a-tingling with excitement.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Capitaine," she said; "you may leave us."

Quéniart, the officer in command of the Chatelêt, set down the lanthorn upon the dirty deal table and bowed respectfully.

"For five minutes, the order says, Madame," he murmured bowing, whilst I watched him in a dull fashion, wondering what she had come to say, and what new torture Heaven willed me to endure.

At length, when the door had closed upon him, she tore back her hood, and, removing her mask, showed me a face white and drawn with pain, and a pair of eyes red from weeping.

"Monsieur de Bret," she said in trembling accents, "what does it mean?"

I started; for in her voice I detected the old ring of the days—before that accursed Spaniard came between us—when she had not been so sparing in her favours. I was bewildered, and justly might I have asked her the very question that she put to me.

"What does it mean, Monsieur de Bret?" she repeated.

"What does all Paris say?" I asked at length.

"That you have killed my brother," she answered brokenly.

"And you—you believe it?"

"Believe it?" she echoed in amazement. "Do I believe it? Should I be here if I did?"

"Thank God," I cried fervently.

"But you were there, Monsieur de Bret, when he died; do you know who killed him."

"He told me," I answered. "It was—"

"Molina," she cried, "Ah, you see I know. Am I not right?"

"You are, indeed," I said, marvelling from what source she had derived her information.

"Aye, 'tis as I thought. Oh, why did not Raoul heed my warning? I told him so often that Molina was a spy of the Queen's, and that naught would deter him from ridding himself of such an opponent as Raoul might become if he were able to prove what was being whispered everywhere—for Raoul was a cardinalist. But as God lives, I will avenge my brother," she ended passionately. "This Spanish hound shall not live to see to-morrow dawn."

"Hush, child," I cried. "'Tis not for frail women to talk of vengeance."

"But I have no one in the world, Monsieur de Bret," she wailed, "and Raoul has no one but me to look to for justice."

"Since when has Léon de Bret ceased to be counted among your friends—yours and your poor brother's? Moreover, Mademoiselle, Raoul entrusted me with a secret before he died, and with a mission which I shall fulfil to-morrow. Then, others shall reckon with Rafael de Molina, and if he escapes the wheel—I do not know Monseigneur de Richelieu."

"But you, dear friend!" she cried. "Oh, I had forgotten your position. Forgive my selfishness. I am distraught with grief at what has happened. You are a prisoner."

"True," I muttered, "but I shall have something to say to-morrow to Monseigneur de Richelieu. If only I could prove my own innocence conclusively——" I paused abruptly as a thought occurred to me.

"I have it!" I cried presently. "*Ma vie*,

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"Monsieur De Bret," she said in trembling accents, "what does it mean?"

but you may count upon me. I shall be freed to-morrow!"

We were interrupted by a knock, and she was forced to say farewell.

As I led her to the door, after she had readjusted her mask. "Do nothing, Mademoiselle, until you hear from me," I whispered. "Your brother will be avenged."

There was more that I might have said, but her grief commanded respect and circumspection, and so I contented myself with kissing her hand, and cutting short her grateful words by throwing wide the door.

When she was gone, I found that I had much to think of and ponder over. I had said that her brother would be avenged, and it was incumbent upon me to discover a manner wherein my promise might be fulfilled.

But I could not do it. I tried a score of times to drive my thoughts into such a channel. Unconsciously they would drift back again to Renée de Navéry, and again I would see the flash in her eyes; again I would hear her call Molina a Spanish hound. . . . .

And in the dark I rubbed my hands softly together and chuckled gleefully to myself — for love is a monstrous selfish thing — forgetting her brother's death, her own grief——which was but partly held in check by the overmastering desire to avenge him—and all else besides, down to the very condition wherein I found myself and from which I had yet to be extricated. I remembered only that none stood between Renée and me, and gloated fiendishly over the discovery that she had but feigned a preference for Molina in order to unmask a traitor, and to defend her brother from the danger by which she rightly fancied him assailed.

I was ever sanguine, and the dawn of hope which brightened the blackness of my cell was rosy and full of promise.

She had found me gloomy, sullen, and despondent; ready for the airy death dance of Montfauçon. She had left me elated, joyful, and confident that to-morrow would restore me my liberty, my sword, and the right to woo her.

'Twas a pleasant enough dream, and it abided with me until I fell asleep.

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Morning found me cheerful and much refreshed in spirit, but famished in body, for those sons of dogs who kept the *chatelêt* had left me supperless.

I was beginning to fear that the Quéniart had made too sure that I should be hanged, and with a saintly solicitude for the welfare of my soul, had deemed it best that I should fast awhile in preparation.

A praiseworthy solicitude this, perchance, in the eyes of the well fed, but one which drew from the depths of my empty stomach a score of vigorous words which took not the shape of prayers, and did my soul but little benefit.

But in the end my breakfast came. A scanty one, 'tis true; half a tough capon—from which soup had been boiled for every other inmate of the prison before it was roasted—and a *demi litre* of wine which was first cousin to vinegar. Still I partook of it, and if it did not give me strength, at least it duped my hunger for the while, and paved the way for a hearty meal which I hoped to reckon with anon.

Scarce had I finished when Quéniart returned, and after a hasty toilet I announced myself ready to accompany him to the Hôtel Richelieu.

A coach was hired at my expense, for Quéniart was too well known in Paris to render it pleasant for a gentleman to walk swordless beside him.

"Hi, Master Quéniart," I exclaimed as we were leaving, "will you be good enough to bring my sword. I am indeed mistaken if His Eminence does not order it to be returned to me within the hour."

The captain's eyebrows were lifted in surprise.

"You are sanguine, monsieur," he ejaculated. Then bending his head, "It may serve as evidence," he said.

"And what of that?" I cried.

"There is blood upon it."

I started despite myself at the unwelcome news.

"When did you see the blade?" I inquired sharply.

"Last night when it was handed to me by the officer who arrested you."

He spoke the truth, I knew, and so I concluded that the blade must have received its stains whilst lying on the ground beside the wounded man. I pondered for a moment, then lifting my eyes to his face—

"Bring the sword," I said decidedly. "What signifies a little blood when there is one who swears he saw me slay the man, and a score who saw me with the body in my arms before it had gone cold."

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned to do my bidding, although he tired not of telling me how mad I was until we stood in the presence of the Cardinal.

Never was an audience granted me with such despatch. Scarcely had we been announced when the crimson portière which masked the door of Richelieu's cabinet was lifted by an usher, and——

"His Eminence will see Monsieur de Bret immediately," he cried.

Quéniart's great fingers closed over my hand.

"Good luck," he whispered.

I pushed my way through the idle crowd of clients, and the next moment I stood in the Cardinal's presence, and face to face with Don Rafael de Molina.

Richelieu, who was seated at his writing-table, raised his head as I entered, and darted a quick glance at me.

"Monsieur de Bret," said he, "I am sorely disappointed in you. What have you to say?"

"That your Eminence has been misinformed," I answered stoutly.

He perked his head on one side, and studied me attentively through eyes that wore a sleepy look—an infallible sign that he was wide awake.

"Do you mean that you did not kill Monsieur de Navéry?" he inquired slowly.

"I did not, Monseigneur."

Richelieu turned to Molina, and the words he spoke made my heart bound within me.

"I know Monsieur de Bret for a man of honour," he said quietly, "and in the face of your accusation, I looked for an excuse from him for having broken the edict, but never for a denial such as you have heard."

A deprecatory smile, full of significance and venom, swept over the foreigner's swart countenance.

"However," continued the Cardinal, "let us hear what Monsieur de Bret may have to say. Perchance it would puzzle him to explain satisfactorily how he came to be found in so compromising a position by the guard."

Briefly I told him what I have set down here concerning the affair, suppressing, however, the facts that a dagger had been employed and that in the man who returned with the guard I had recognised the perpetrator of the deed. I also omitted, for reasons of my own, Navèry's dying message.

When I had done, the Cardinal, whose eyes had been rivetted on my face whilst I spoke, turned again to Molina.

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"Are you certain that it was Monsieur de Bret whom you saw?" he inquired, with marked coldness.

"*Por Dios y la Virgen!*" cried the Spaniard, forgetting in whose presence he stood, "have I not said so? Think you I should accuse a man unless I were positive? Moreover, since my word appears to be insufficient, was not his sword found drawn?"

"True," mused the Cardinal, looking at me again. "Still, Monsieur de Bret has satisfactorily explained that he drew it to rush to the assistance of Monsieur de Navèry."

"Has your Eminence forgotten that there is blood upon his sword?" exclaimed Molina, with a sneer.

The Cardinal frowned, perchance at the Spaniard's tone, perchance at the fresh piece of evidence.

"There is more upon my sword than you will relish, Monsieur *l'Etranger*," I cried hotly, whereat his Eminence looked pleased, and the foreigner changed colour slightly, for he could not tell how much was known to me of the encounter.

"I dropped my sword," I continued, "when I raised Navéry from the ground, and the blood that flowed from his wound must have stained it where it lay. But we are wasting words. Since my sword has been mentioned as evidence, let it be produced. At my request Captain Quéniart has brought it with him. He waits now in the antechamber. If your Eminence will order it to be brought in, I imagine it will tell us something that will surprise Monsieur de Molina."

The Cardinal raised his eyebrows, and glanced from one to the other of us. Then, without a word, he touched a small handbell.

"Call Captain Quéniart," he said to the lacquey who answered the summons.

A moment later the burly soldier appeared.

"Now, Monseigneur," I said, taking the weapon, which, at a sign from the Cardinal, Quéniart surrendered to me, "your Eminence has wielded a rapier yourself, if Fame speaks truly, and you are well acquainted with the points and virtues of the weapon."

He smiled, evidently pleased by the memories I had aroused in his priestly heart.

"It was my good fortune," I went on, "to take this sword to an armourer's a week ago, so that a new blade might be fitted to it. Will your Eminence be good enough to look closely at the edge, and see what it has to say concerning last night's doings."

I drew the sword as I spoke, and I now presented the hilt to Richelieu.

He took it from me with a puzzled air, whilst Molina and Quéniart, actuated by different feelings, went nearer than deference ordained.

Richelieu looked at the blade, then, with a slight exclamation, he rose and walked over to the window.

The sun shone through the leaded panes and fell upon the steel which glittered brightly, save here and there where a shiny patch of reddish brown had deadened its lustre. For some moments he examined it attentively, then, turning, he bent his dark, penetrating eye upon the Spaniard.

"You have been over zealous in the cause of justice, Monsieur de Molina," he said coldly. "This sword has not been used since this blade was fitted to it."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet Molina could not have been more taken aback. He turned pale to the lips, and darted a furious glance at the Cardinal. There was a moment's silence, then Richelieu spoke.

"Monsieur de Bret, you are released. Quéniart, we must look elsewhere for the culprit; you may go. Monsieur de Molina you also may retire."

"Might I suggest that Monsieur de Molina should submit his rapier to a like examination," I ventured to remark.

The Spaniard drew himself up stiffly.

"We do not carry swords for ornament in Spain," he answered proudly, "as I shall be happy to prove to you if you have reason to doubt the fact."

Then, before I had time to reply—

"There may be dints upon the edge. Does Your Eminence desire to see them?"

"It would be useless," the Cardinal answered carelessly. "You may go."

III.

When we were alone I gave the Cardinal the fullest details of what I knew.

"I half suspected it was thus," he said when I had finished. "And he used a dagger, you say. The dastard! But what am I to do? He has killed Navéry, of that I am assured. He may be plotting against my life, that also I do not doubt. But what proofs can I offer the Court of Spain? He is a spy of the Queen's, and that makes it more dangerous still. I would consign him to the wheel if I dared, but—" He paused, frowned, and lapsed into thought.

"If peradventure, Monsieur de Molina, were to involve himself one of these evenings in a brawl, and receive a thrust in the windpipe or in low *quarte*, methinks Your

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Eminence's riddle would be well solved, and Raoul de Navéry most fitly avenged."

"True," he mused, "'twould be a great blessing."

"But an unlikely one while the edict is so strictly observed."

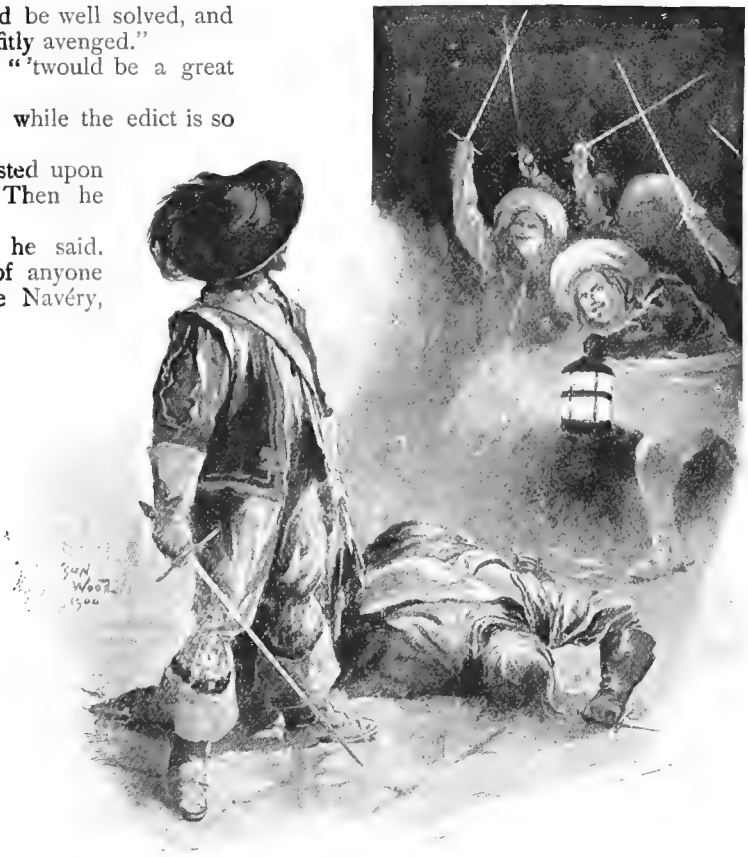
His glittering eye rested upon me for a moment. Then he laughed.

"I understand," he said. "Well, if you know of anyone inclined to avenge De Navéry, and to save me from poisoning — the edict shall be forgotten for once."

I thanked him, and told him that I thought I knew of such a man, whereupon he dismissed me with his blessing.

"You are a tolerable swordsman, I know," he said, as I took up my hat, "and I have every confidence in your skill. But what if he use a dagger again."

"I trust he will, Monseigneur," I answered, "I am reckoning upon it."



With angry cries of "Shame!" and "Murder!" they flung themselves upon me.

From the Hotel Richelieu I wended my way towards the house of my late friend, De Navéry. Renée welcomed me with a glad cry and a smile which lighted up the sorrowful darkness of her countenance. I did but remain until I had told her what had taken place, and what was likely to follow, then, leaving her, I went to dine, grim memories haunting me of my last repast.

To take Molina at his word, and ask him to prove to me that they did not carry swords for ornament in Spain, would have meant a duel. A duel with seconds, wherein he would have been compelled to follow the rules of honourable play. That I could have killed him under such circumstances I did not for a moment doubt. But it would be too easy an end for him. To let him feel himself mastered; to compel him to have recourse to that assassin's trick of his, and then, when he imagined himself triumphant, to beat him with his own cards—that would be something like revenge! And for that a brawl was needed.

Towards nightfall, therefore, I repaired to the "Green Pillar," in the Rue St. Honoré, which I knew he frequented. The gods were with me, for I found him there at play with half a dozen others.

I seated myself apart, unnoticed, and awaited an opportunity.

Presently it came.

"Come, host, another bottle of Armagnac. And let it be of the best, rascal, for we will drink to Don Rafael de Molina's safe journey home."

This was news that caused me no great astonishment.

"Does Monsieur de Molina contemplate leaving Paris?" I inquired, turning towards the party. "I am not surprised, for such an interview as he had this morning with the Cardinal is apt to make one's liver pale. I am glad to learn it in time, however; for I should have been deeply grieved had he left us without

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learning the opinion which I have had an opportunity of forming of this worthy gentleman, and which I imagine will be shared by all honourable men when the truth is known."

I had risen and stood facing the Spaniard, and giving him back scowl for scowl.

"You mean?" he inquired in a voice of suppressed wrath.

"That you are a liar and a murderer, Monsieur l'Espagnol," I answered coolly, "and that Monsieur de Navéry met his death at your hands."

A charming scene of confusion followed, as with a vigorous "*Madre de Dios!*" the Spaniard kicked aside his chair.

"Outside, Monsieur," I shouted, pointing to the door, and making myself heard above the din. "*Sortons!*"

And then, with many an oath and angry word, we burst through the door *pêle mêle* into the courtyard beyond.

We fought as we stood, in hats and cloaks. There were no formalities. De Molina was in too great a hurry, and I guessed his reason.

For a good five minutes I played the fellow in the uncertain light of a couple of lanthorns, and showed him that I was his master, yet forebore to press him too hard; but waited, with my eyes keeping good watch over his left hand.

At last it came. The onlookers stood ranged against the wall to the right. Away from these Molina led me; retreating under my attack, and I following as if his designs were unknown to me. At last the other side of the quadrangle was reached, and in the shadow that enveloped us, he thought himself safe from detection.

His left hand dropped as on the previous night, but I saw not the glitter I looked for, and yet I knew that he had drawn his dagger. But there were many eyes upon him, and even in the darkness a lack of caution might betray his motive. He must be wary lest they should interrupt the fight in the very moment of his victory. Possibly he did not care whether he was discovered or not if only he had time to kill me before the interruption came.

I pressed him hard, and whilst I did so I loosened the fastenings of my cloak with my other hand as if I desired to cast the garment from me. Then I feinted, and lunged under his guard. My sword was within an inch of his breast when his poniard met it, and sent it past him. Simultaneously he offered me his point, a triumphant leer upon his face.

But he had reckoned without my knowledge of his ways. I had dragged the loosened cloak from my back, and held it on my arm. With a sweep of it, I dashed his blade aside.

I saw the look of terror come into his upturned face. I heard the cry of horror which burst from the onlookers. Before they could interfere, however, Don Rafael de Molina lay writhing in the throes of death.

So cautious had he been that not one of those who stood there, so much as suspected his foul play, and when they saw him fall 'neath my murderous stroke, a dozen swords leapt from their scabbards, and with angry cries of "Shame!" and "Murder!" they flung themselves upon me.

But when I shouted to them to look at his left hand they paused to do my bidding. And when they saw the dagger which was grasped by the nerveless fingers of the dead, they sheathed their swords and hushed their angry cries; whilst when I told them that 'twas thus that De Molina had killed De Navéry, there were some amongst them who spat upon the corpse.

Half-an-hour later I stood swordless, and under arrest, in the guardroom of the Chatelét, awaiting the officer. When Quéniart entered and beheld me, he rubbed his eyes and spluttered out an oath.

"What, *again!*" he ejaculated. "*Ventre gris*, Monsieur de Bret, but you are like to hang this time, whether the edge of your sword be battered or not."

Nevertheless, it came not to pass as he predicted, for next day I was liberated, and I knelt in Notre Dame at the requiem mass for Raoul De Navéry.

The season was not propitious for the advancement of my suit, and so I determined to accompany the court to Blois next day, and leave my wooing until I should return, when perchance Renée's grief might have abated.

I paid her a visit that evening, and she received me kindly, and overwhelmed me with words of praise and gratitude, until I felt myself as great a historical personage as Bayard or Duguesclin. But when I came to say farewell she looked surprised.

"You are going to Blois?" she said.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I accompany the Court."

"You craved my permission three days ago," she murmured, studying the pattern of the carpet with great intentness, "and I cannot remember granting it."

My heart beat fast and furiously.

"Will you grant it now?" I inquired.

"No, Monsieur," she said, lifting her eyes to mine, "I will not. I cannot spare you."

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The Dowager **Empress.**

From a Copyright Photograph of a Native Drawing.

THE SLAVE GIRL WHO MOUNTED A THRONE.

By Reginald Maingay.

As will be seen this is the most interesting article which has yet been published on the Chinese Empress's marvellous career. The illustrations will be found particularly striking, many of them being exclusive and unique, and coming at such a juncture, the article is peculiarly topical.

She rejoices in the name of Tszehi-Toanyu-Kangi - Chaoyu - Chuangcheng - Shokung - Chinhien-Chungsih, but such a name being a bitterness even to Chinese flesh, they call her simply Tze-hsi. She is a lady of middle height, with black hair, dark eyes, and feet shaped according to nature. A witty journalist described her as the only man in the Celestial Empire. Such is the Empress-Dowager of China.

It has been frequently stated that Tze-hsi's parents were of the lowest social grade—actors according to some, small merchants according to others. Both statements are erroneous; Tze-hsi's father, Li-Tzun, was a Manchu noble who held, some years before the birth of his daughter, an important Government post at Pekin. The poor man fell upon evil days; he lost, through no fault of his, both wealth and position, and left Pekin to try his luck at Fu-Chau But at Fu-Chau he was equally unfortunate, and the year 1843 found him in a state of almost utter destitution at Canton.

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The arrival at the palace of presents from the viceroys and mandarins upon the wedding of the Empress.

But as far as his domestic affairs were concerned fate had dealt generously with Li-Tzun. His wife seems to have been an exemplary person who bore her many and grievous afflictions with patience and fortitude, and presented her husband with a healthy son and daughter, both of whom were destined for great things, the son to a generalship in the Chinese army, the daughter, Yin-Ling, as she was called in those days, to reign in solitary grandeur over a quarter of the world's inhabitants.

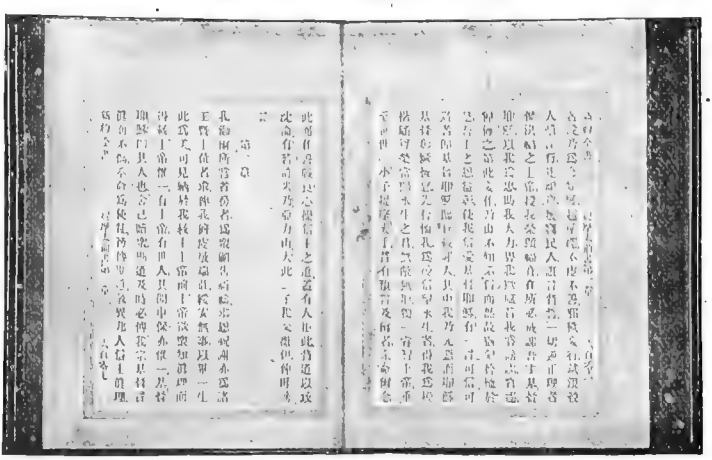
The silver-bound New Testament presented to the Dowager Empress. The centre plate bears the words "Holy Classic of Salvation."

But the future is a closed book; and in 1845 the unhappy Li-Tzun knew only that his affairs had reached a crisis, and that starvation stared him in the face. In such dire straits, what is a man to do? He must, of course, sell his children; but Li-Tzun, whose parental affections appear to have been strong, was loth to do so until Yin-Ling, with commendable unselfishness, suggested it herself. She could not bear to be a drag on her parents.

And now the girl's lucky star made its first peep over the horizon. At Canton had arrived a few weeks previously a fine personage, General Ti-Du to wit, a distant relative of the Emperor; him the afflicted Li-Tzun had known in happier days, and to him he now repaired, daughter and all. He told his tale and made his offer. Would Ti-Du buy the girl? She was strong and healthy and fair. Ti-Du could have her for a song — merely fifty taels. Surely the money was well laid out—the girl would amply repay him!

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the General planked down the money, and Yin-Ling changed hands.

Almost from the commencement of her career as a slave she found favour in the eyes of the General and his wife. In the first place, General Ti-Du and his wife were uncommonly worthy and generous, and had no children of their own; in the second place, Yin-Ling was uncommonly beautiful, charming (according to Chinese ideals, be it remarked), talented, ambitious, and, above all, diplomatic. Such was the situation, and it followed logically that she



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The New Testament, open at I. Timothy II.

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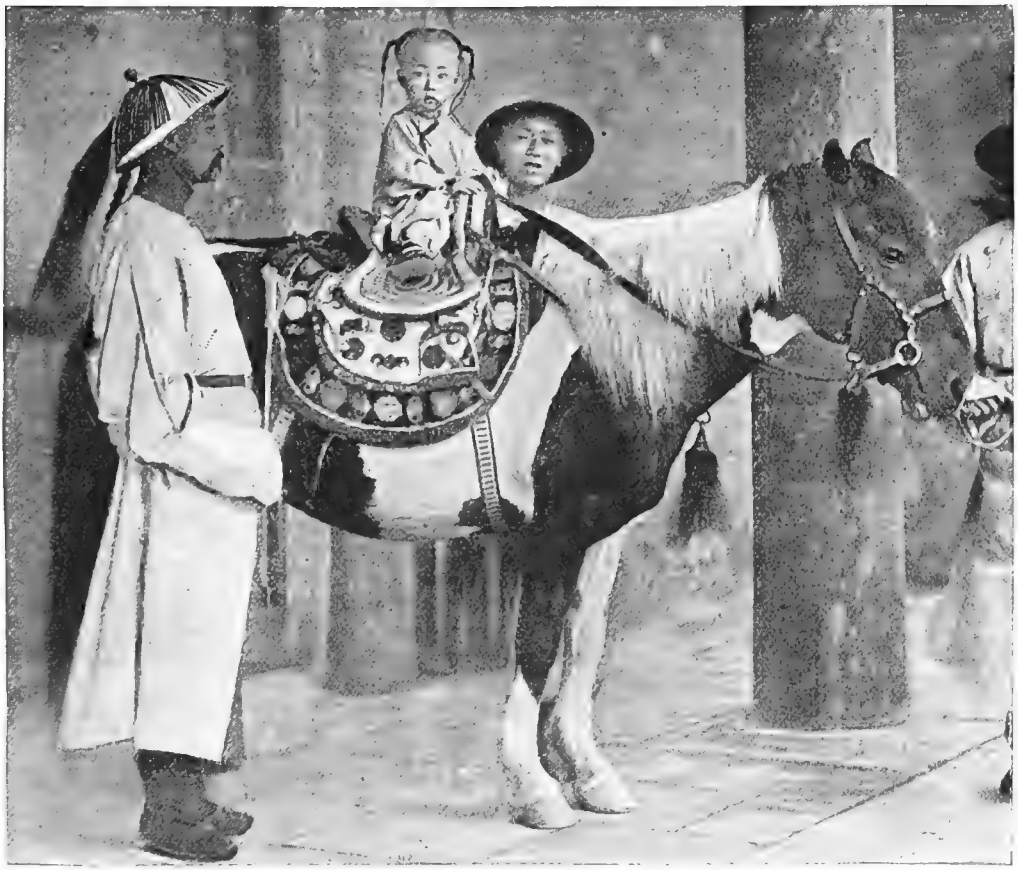

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The Emperor Kwang-su as a child.

soon became her "pocket parents'" prime favourite. She was not immured in the yamen, or family establishment, as was the fate of domestic slaves in general, but permitted a certain amount of freedom. Her singular intelligence soon attracted the General's notice; he hired teachers for her; she learned reading, writing, ethics, astronomy, and other female accomplishments, and before she was fifteen years of age, was known as one of the cleverest and most desirable young women in Canton.

It was in 1850 that Hsien-Fung, who had just succeeded his father, Taokwang, on the imperial throne of China, issued a proclamation requesting all girls of Manchu descent to present themselves at the Imperial Palace at Pekin that they might be examined with a view to becoming secondary wives of the "Son of Heaven." For such is the custom in China: a wife is selected for the Emperor; she is the chief of his household, the Empress, and shares with her husband the throne; after her follow a bevy of wives of the second grade, and from these, should the Empress die, the Emperor chooses a substitute; then come an unlimited number of wives of the third grade, who have but a slender chance of promotion.

Yin-Ling, walking one day in the city—she was probably engaged in marketing for the General's household, Ti-Du having entrusted her with that important duty—read the proclamation. Returning home, she informed her "pocket parents," as they are called in China, with the utmost gravity, that she proposed to become one of the Emperor's secondary wives, and begged them to use their influence and wealth on her behalf. At first the General and his wife refused to take her seriously, and turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; but finally in this, as in all else, Yin-Ling, by dint of diplomacy and perseverance, succeeded, and managed to persuade her "pocket parents" to do all in

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The Dowager Empress.
From a Copyright Photo of a Native Drawing.

their power to assist her. They changed her legal status from a slave to an adopted daughter; they dressed her as became the daughter of a Manchu noble (for such, as I have related, was poor Li-Tzun, though fallen on evil days), and they dispatched her with necessary funds to Pekin.

Many went to that examination, few were chosen. Of some six hundred Manchu virgins five hundred and ninety were disqualified; but among the lucky ten was Yin-Ling. She had passed, so to speak, with honours. The Empress-Dowager of the time, who is, in these cases, the chief examiner, declared, in so many words, that any virtues Yin-Ling was not the possessor of were hardly worth having. She was virtuous, she was accomplished, perfect from heel to head, and from head to heel exquisitely turned! It was a marvellous leap—a slave-girl one day, the next among the highest ladies in the land; but Yin-Ling showed no unbecoming exultation. If report is to be trusted, she took her promotion with admirable calm, and certainly without the least astonishment.

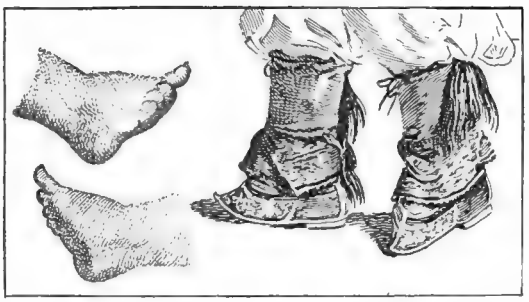
Yin-Ling's career was now beginning; its prologue, so to speak, had come to an end with her entry into the Imperial Palace, where for the next fifty years she was to become the centre of all the cabals and conspiracies which one naturally associates with China and its wonderful capital. Her first desire was to gain the notice of Hsien-Fung—no easy matter, for the Emperor may pass a whole lifetime without even knowing the names of three-quarters of his wives. But Yin-Ling was not the woman to let difficulties of any kind daunt her, and she set about gaining her object in a manner eminently worthy of her singular genius. With the utmost humility she besought Tze-An, the Empress, to take her as a maid, expressing at the same time the deepest admiration for her mistress's virtues and charms. Tze-An was no fool, and received these advances coldly at first, suspecting, no doubt, some hidden motive behind the honeyed speech and adoring glance. But Yin-Ling stuck to her guns, despite snubs and frigid glances, and managed at the same time to make herself popular with the other wives. Tze-An's suspicions were gradually lulled to rest, and almost imperceptibly, with such skill did the intriguer go to work, Yin-Ling became indispensable to her, and was never away from her side. It was thus that she came to the notice of Hsien-Fung, a man, if report errs

The Imperial Palace at the Hoo-Kew-Shan.

Google

not, who appreciated a pretty face when he saw it. Becoming bolder, Yin-Ling included the Emperor in her manœuvres; he became, in course of time, deeply enamoured of her, and five years after her entry into the Imperial Palace, the ex-slave girl presented her husband with an heir to the throne of China, for Tze-An was childless.

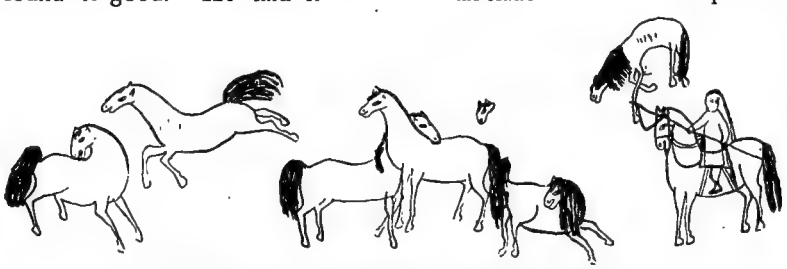
Now was Yin-Ling's great opportunity. Was the mother of the future Emperor to remain a secondary wife? Surely such a state of affairs would be against all precedent! Hsien-Fung admitted as much, but was at loss to find a remedy. Then Yin-Ling cautiously reminded her lord that some hundreds of years ago the reigning house had been confronted with a similar dilemma (her learning stood her in good stead!), and had created a second Empress with the title, "Empress of the West." Would it not be well to follow the example set by the illustrious dead? Hsien-Fung turned the counsel over in his mind and found it good. He laid it before the famous Prince Kung, his brother. Prince Kung found it excellent, and Yin-Ling was made "Empress of the West," and henceforth known to the people of China as Tsze-hi-To-anyu-Kangi-Chaoyu, and so on, and so on, in short, as Tze-hsi, the mother of the Crown Prince.



Crushed feet of a Chinese lady. The Dowager Empress is the only prominent woman in China whose feet are not in this condition.

The Emperor Kwang-su as a child (on the right). His father is in the centre.

Had Tze-hsi been an ordinary woman, this striking triumph would assuredly have turned her head and led her to make enemies in the Imperial Household. She was, however, no ordinary woman, and knew full well that her position, strong as it was, was by no means unassailable. Acting, therefore, with great circumspection, she paid, as before, flattering attention to Tze-An,



A drawing by the grandson of the Empress of China.

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An imperial review in the palace at Pekin.

and treated the lesser wives with unusual consideration, never presuming on her exalted position. She conquered all along the line; the lesser wives soon forgave her her success, and willingly treated her with the deference due to her position; and Tze-An, though doubtless jealous of her at first, soon discovered that the wisest course was to go hand in hand with this new Empress, and in due time she passed completely under Tze-hsi's dominion, and together with Prince Kung, Li-Hung-Chang, and others, became the creature of her will, a piece in the great game she played for undisputed supremacy of power.

The insignia of the order of "The Double Dragon," conferred on Dr. Douthwaite—the highest honour ever conferred upon a missionary.

From a Photo.

The various causes and events which led up to the war of 1860 between China and the allied Powers of France and England do not fall within the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that Europe wished to open up China for her wares, and China wished to shut all her doors in the face of Europe.

There followed all manner of squabbles, and finally England and France took the Taku forts and marched on Pekin. Now Tze-hsi's policy at this time has seldom been commented upon, and yet it was undoubtedly in favour of the foreign barbarians. Not that she loved foreigners then any more than she loves them to-day, but, wiser than her husband and his counsellors, she recognised their power, and felt that no real harm would accrue to China from making a few cautious concessions. Prince Kung shared her views; but the Prince of I and a certain Shu-Shun, two powerful favourites of the Emperor, were in opposition, and advised Hsien-Fung to treat the foreigners as all other devils should be treated.

True to his nature, Hsien-Fung, at the first approach of the foreign troops, fled with his wives to the Hunting Palace at Jehol. There, after peace had been restored, a great contest was waged for influence over the Emperor, the Prince of I and Shu-Shun on the one side and the Empresses and Prince Kung on the other. The former party, in spite of the lesson they had received, were all for insulting and driving out the foreigners;

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the latter party, though hating the foreigners with an equal hatred, advocated a temporising and moderate policy. Despite their efforts, Tze-hsi and her confederates lost ground, and all manner of calamities might have fallen on China had not Fate —which appears to be under State control in the Far East—stepped in and cut the Gordian knot. Hsien-Fung died suddenly "of a bad chill."

A few days before his death the Empresses and their allies had taken a momentous resolution, and being fully prepared, were not at all chagrined or astonished when the dying Emperor published an edict appointing the Prince of I and his party Regents during the Crown Prince's minority. This triumph of the Prince of I was but short-lived; a few days after the funeral of Hsien-Fung, Pekin was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the appearance of an edict, which purported to proceed from the Emperor (who was, by the way, four years old), ordering the Prince of I and Shu-Shun to be tried for high treason and appointing the Dowager-Empresses Regents of the Empire. Behind this palpably "faked" edict was practically the whole army massed in large bodies in the neighbourhood of the capital. Tze-hsi never does things by halves, and when she sees her opportunity, she strikes with ruining force and precision. But, contrary to what is at present believed, she is emphatically not a wantonly cruel and spiteful woman. When the Prince of I, Shu-Shun and Ching, another confederate, had been condemned to death, she did her best to ameliorate the sentences, which, true to Chinese custom, were ingeniously cruel. The Prince of I and Ching were mercifully allowed to strangle themselves in prison and Shu-Shun, who had been sentenced to the so-called "lingering death," was decapitated.

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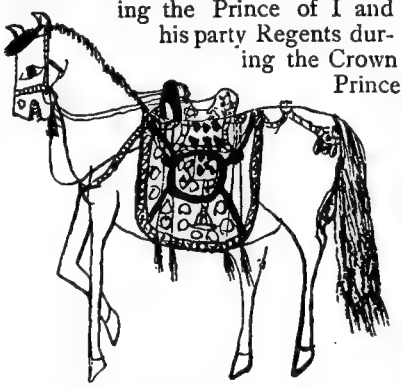
Entrance to the tombs of the Manchu Emperors. Here the Dowager Empress's husband and son are buried.



A horse drawn by the grandson of the Empress. (*Copyright.*)

From the death of Hsien-Fung to the coming of age and marriage of Tung-Chih, things went with tolerable smoothness both inside and outside the Imperial Palace. On Tze-hsi's initiative, the

The propitiatory sacrifices for the dead being offered after the decease of the Empress's husband.

Google

Mandarins awaiting an audience of the Empress at the palace at Pekin.

Tsung-li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, came into being, and the army and navy underwent various reforms. As for her relations with the Powers, Tze-hsi was not tardy in showing that, although she was averse from reckless insult and defiance, she had no inclination whatever to allow her country to be overrun and managed by foreigners. Deplorable affairs, such as the murder of Mr. Burlingham and the massacre of the Catholic Sisters in Tientsin, though not directly traceable to her, were, at all events, due to men, such as Chen Kwojui, who enjoyed her confidence, and whose crimes she treated with suspicious leniency. Detestable as such deeds were, we must not forget, in judging this extraordinary woman, that she is not only an Oriental with vague ideas of right and wrong, but also a burning patriot, who from childhood on has been taught, and passionately believes, that China must inevitably go under the moment the foreigner penetrates its sanctities and gets the upper hand in its affairs.

In 1872 Tze-hsi's son, Tung-Chih, had reached the age when he should take to himself an Empress, and when the reins of power should pass into his hands. From among hundreds of Manchu maidens, Tze-hsi chose for him Ahluta, a young lady of great beauty and noble descent, and Tung-Chih's marriage was

"The Artful Dowager." "Punch's" famous cartoon published after the most recent coup d'etat.
(By kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

The gardens of the Imperial Palace at Pekin.

celebrated with great pomp and ceremony on the 17th of October. But Tung-Chih as Emperor turned out a decided failure. Weak, dissolute, and self-willed, he vehemently resented his mother's and Prince Kung's interference, and affairs came to a crisis when an edict appeared degrading his Imperial kinsman "for language in many respects unbecoming." Tze-hsi publicly nullified this edict and reinstated the Prince, which shows that her power was still absolute, and a period of intrigue

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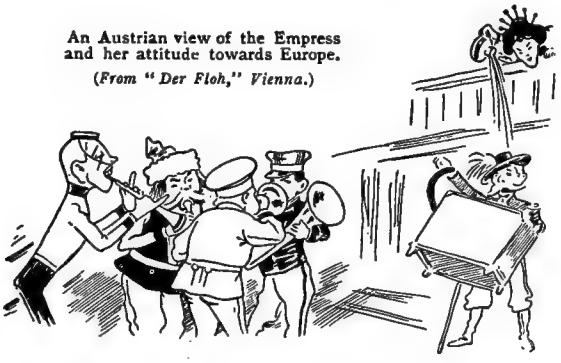


An Austrian view of the Empress and her attitude towards Europe.
(*From "Der Floh," Vienna.*)

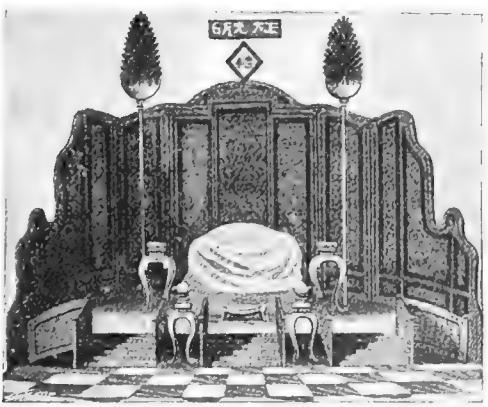
and strife set in once more between the real and the nominal heads of the State. It closed, as it was bound to close, with the defeat of Tung-Chih, for on January the 12th, 1875, "The Son of Heaven" mounted the Dragon's back and became, as the saying goes, "a guest on high."

That Tze-hsi assisted fate in removing her son to a higher sphere of activity it would be futile to deny, though the fact of her complicity has never been proven. One thing is certain—Tung-Chih's policy endangered what she considered the welfare of China, and if no means save his death sufficed to arrest that policy, die he should were he twenty times her son.

But an Emperor there must be, and who was to step into Tung-Chih's shoes? Prince Kung's eldest son was the legal heir, but Tze-hsi, for sundry reasons, objected to his candidature. Her nephew, the infant son of Prince Chun, suited her purposes better, and him she caused one night to be seized from his nursery close to the Palace and placed on the vacant throne. Those who objected to this violation of law disappeared out of human ken, and Tung-Chih's widow, Ahluta, who, as Dowager-Empress, might have raised difficulties, passed suddenly away, an obituary eulogy on her "chaste and virtuous and wise and filial" character filling the pages of the *Pekin Gazette.*

Unlike our own Queen Bess, who, if historians speak truly, treated those who served and saved their country with flagrant ingratitude, Tze-hsi never forgets her dutiful servants, and is full of sympathy for her soldiers in war time and her people in hours of affliction. On one occasion when the army, putting down a rebellion in the island of Hainan, suffered greatly in the malarious climate, she dispatched post haste to the seat of war ten boxes of "Pingan Tan," or "pills of peace and tranquility." Could sympathy be more touchingly expressed? In 1897 there was dire famine in the provinces of Honan, Shausi and Kansu, and Tze-hsi collected funds for the relief of the starving by rigorously cutting down the Palace expenses and drawing largely from her private purse. That Tze-hsi is not violently anti-Christian is proved by her graceful acceptance on her sixtieth birthday of a New Testament bound in silver covers and costing no less than £200. The book was printed by the Presbyterian Mission Press at Shanghai.

The Imperial Palace at Tseaon-Shan.



The throne of the Empress's husband.

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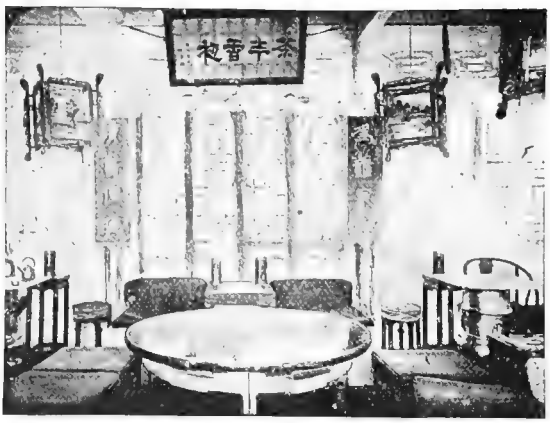
Though much dreaded in her household, she is most affable to those who obey her, her greatest favourite being an adopted daughter, the quaint drawings of whose little son (also a pet of Tze-hsi) are among the most valuable of the accompanying illustrations. They were received from an English lady-tutor of the boy.

The shameful aggressions of France in Tonking was the most important political event during the new Emperor, Kwang-su's minority, and it was these, more than anything else, that filled Tze-hsi with such deadly and implacable hatred against all Europeans. Kwang-su's marriage and coming of age, the Japanese war, and the aggressions of Germany, Russia, England, and the other Powers, are events too recent to need detailed recapitulation. But on the *coup d'état* of 1900, when Tze-hsi deposed and imprisoned the Emperor, a word must be said. Kwang-su, to put it plainly, is somewhat of a fool. Enamoured of European civilization, he sought in a day to do the work of centuries: to change the ancient customs of an almost changeless people. This foolish but well-meant labour was interrupted one fine morning by the appearance of Tze-hsi, a document in her hand. This she laid before the Emperor and bade him sign. It was practically a deed of abdication. He refused to obey her; and she (relates an attendant who witnessed the scene) handed him the pen in silence, but with a look on her face more terrible and menacing than the fiercest threat. Kwang-su sank back in his chair in an agony of indecision. He knew well what those terrible eyes threatened. Hsien-Fung and Tung-Chih had rebelled against this woman's will, and Hsien-Fung and Tung-Chih had paid the direst penalty for their rashness. This was common knowledge, though no one in the "Forbidden City" dared to breathe it, and the unhappy Kwang-su knew well that he must obey or die. So "with a groan and a gesture



From a Copyright Photo.
The interior of the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Chinese Foreign Office—founded by the Empress.

"Moonshine's" amusing cartoon of the Empress riding upon the Russian bear, led by Li Hung Chang.
(By kind permission of the proprietors of "Moonshine")

A high class mandarin proceeding to an audience of the Empress.

Google

of despair" the Emperor put his signature to the "edict," and Tze-hsi triumphantly snatched it from her nephew's hand.

"Then," the attendant continues, "the Empress Dowager's face instantly became wreathed with smiles, her eyes soft and benevolent, and she was all kindness and motherly solicitude for her Imperial nephew.

"He, poor fallen Majesty! had sunken down in his chair after signing the deed. A sudden deadly pallor spread over his face, and the moment after blood trickled from the corners of his mouth, dyeing his robe and the carpet beneath him. His excitement had been too much for his weak health, and it seems that he burst one of his lesser blood-vessels."

Curious specimens of the drawing and writing of the Empress's grandson.

(*Copyright.*)

Tze-hsi removed her nephew to a sequestered part of the palace, a retreat known as Ying-tai, and there she tended him with pious care during many weeks' illness.

It is an open secret that Tze-hsi, at the time when she brought Kwang-su the "edict" for his signature, had a successor to the Imperial throne ready should her nephew refuse to obey her commands; and, if report speaks truly, she was somewhat chagrined when Kwang-su bowed himself to her will. Another infant "Son of Heaven" would have been so convenient, would have saved so large an amount of worry and intrigue!

No! Tze-hsi is not a paragon of virtue. But she is a very capable woman, a strong, and in many ways sagacious, ruler. She knows her own mind, and nothing and nobody does she permit, with impunity, to criticise her actions or stand in the way of her schemes. An ideal sovereign she is emphatically not, but better, a thousand times better, than the weak or dissolute young men who have occupied the Celestial Throne during the past forty years.

The tragic history of the Empress during the last few months is too fresh in everyone's mind to need recapitulation.

From a Copyright Photo.

The present Imperial throne of China.

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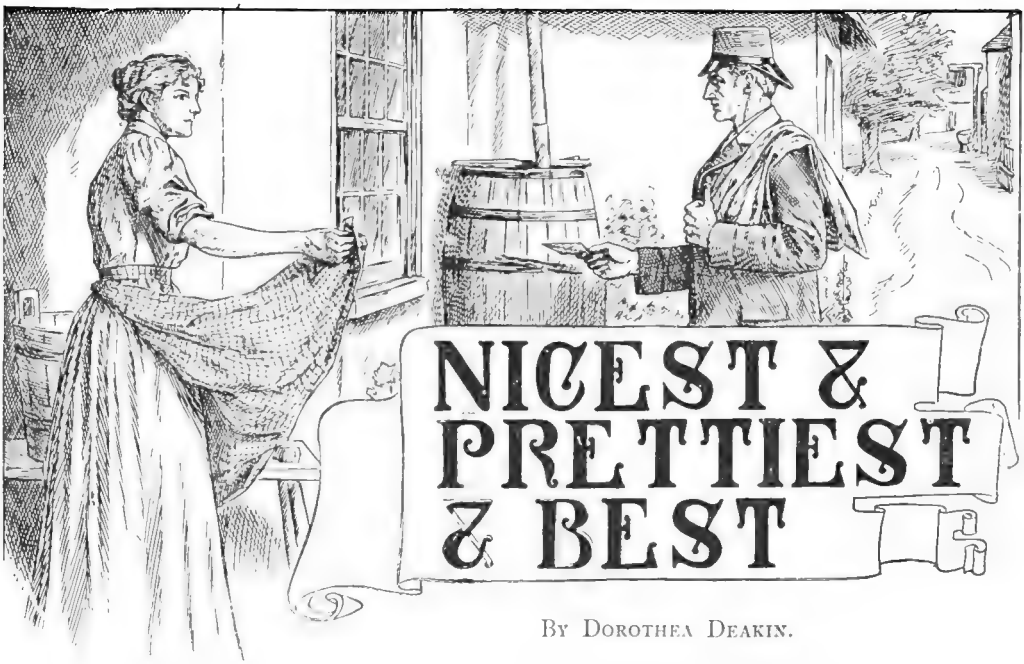

NICEST & PRETTIEST & BEST

By Dorothea Deakin.

"There's one for you, to-day, Charity Carr."

With a look of unbounded amazement the girl lifted her pink face from the wash-tub and took the letter in a hand carefully guarded by a corner of blue checked apron.

"You'll be wantin' a drink, postman, after coming so far with one small letter. Go inside and have a word with mother—she's main glad to see a neighbour these days."

The postman was hot and tired, and he obeyed without a word. Charity dried her soapy hands on her apron and turned the envelope over and over, wondering what Robert had got to say important enough to make him write when she was to see him on Sunday—she knew it was from him by the paper. She had given him a box of pink and blue paper last Christmas, and he had written on the pink kind ornamented with rosebuds. She wondered vaguely why he hadn't chosen the blue with the forget-me-nots in the corner. At last she tore it open, read laboriously through to the other end, and forgot the colour of the paper and everything else except the cruel words inside. It was from Robert, sure enough, and whatever could it mean? It was badly written and badly spelt, but in her eyes both writing and spelling were perfect, for she knew no better, and she loved the man who had written it. But whatever did he mean?

When she had been through it a second time she found that Robert's meaning was clear enough. He had taken care that there should be no misunderstanding here. He thought they had better part—she was too good for him, and too religious—he knew she would never be happy with a light-minded chap like him; and he was keeping company with little Kitty Robinson, who was not so serious.

Charity put the pink letter in her pocket and sat down on the wooden bench, slippery with soapsuds. She saw through the window that the postman had drawn the big rocking-chair to the fire, and that, having delivered all his letters, he didn't mean to move for a good hour.

Oh, how could Robert do it?—how could he do it? . . . After they had been going together for five years, and she so true to him, and saving every spare penny towards the housekeeping!

And all along of a flighty little thing like Kitty Robinson. He had always praised Charity for her quiet ways and thrifty habits, and now to turn round and as good as tell her that he was tired of her!

And Kitty, too, how could she bear to steal away another girl's sweetheart—she who had half-a-dozen lads hanging round her and might pick and choose? Surely the girl couldn't know how much it meant to Charity! Everyone said Kitty was a kind little thing for all her silly, giggling ways.

Charity rose and went on with her washing.

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She would go and see Kitty that very night, and ask her to give Robert back—she would tell the girl how dearly she loved him, how she had been pinching and saving for the little home, and what a wretched place the world would be to her if she lost him. She had never spoken to Kitty in her life, but that did not matter; she had heard, times without number, that the girl was gentle and loving, and she would ask her to give Robert back—to give him back!

So when the washing was finished and all the clothes dried and ironed, Charity put a big shawl over her head and slipped out of the cottage. It was growing dark, and she had nearly two miles to go, so she walked quickly, and soon reached the house where Kitty lived.

It was a lonely, grey cottage with a large garden. To-night everything seemed very quiet and deserted, and now that it had come to the point, the girl's courage had almost failed her. She walked up the narrow stone flagged path and looked through the window into the kitchen. A big fire roared and crackled in the grate, and Charity could see without any other light that the dresser and table had been scrubbed till they were as white as snow, and that the steels of the fireplace and the tins on the wall glistened and shone like silver in the flickering light.

Charity sat down on the wooden bench, slippery with soapsuds.

Ah! the girl might be flighty, but she knew how to keep the house nice. At first Charity thought the kitchen was empty, but as her eyes grew accustomed to the light she saw that there was something on one side of the fender. Surely it wasn't—yes—there was no doubt about it—a girl was sitting crouched up against an oven door, while the hot fire beat mercilessly down on a shining, ruffled, yellow head Charity stared. For the girl was Kitty Robinson, and she was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Robert's late sweetheart felt a little indignant. What right had the girl to be unhappy when she possessed the love of a man like Robert? No doubt she was crying over one of her old hens, or the yearly pig-killing. Charity lifted the latch of the door and went softly in, and the other girl looked up in a dazed kind of way without moving.

"Mother's out," she said, showing Charity a little face red and swollen with crying. "There's no one in but me."

Charity crossed the kitchen to her side.

"It's you I've come to see," she said as gently as though she were speaking to a child with a cut finger. "What's the matter? What's been making you cry?"

Kitty didn't answer, but buried her face in her hands and began to sob quietly again.

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"What have they been saying to you? What's making you cry?" Charity repeated, touched by the utter abandonment of the girl's grief.

Still no answer.

Then she took the brooch out of her grey shawl and let the shawl slip to the ground, and spoke again, this time in a gentler tone, with one arm round the girl's slight figure.

"Look up, lass, and tell me all about it—I'm in trouble myself, and I can understand the comfort of a good cry. But what will Robert say if you spoil those pretty blue eyes? Why, your little nose is that red and swollen, your mother won't know you when she comes home."

At the sound of Robert's name Kitty looked up.

"Why! who's told you about Robert? I never heard of such a place as this for talk," she said pettishly. "It's about Robert—that—that's—makin' me cry."

Charity stared. Was it possible that she didn't know that Robert loved her? She took the girl's small work-roughened hand in hers and stroked it gently.

"Tell me all about it," she said, and Kitty, seeing only kindness and sympathy in the sweet, grave face looking so earnestly into hers, began her story.

"It's all Robert," she said, rubbing her eyes with a soaked ball of a handkerchief; "it's along of something he told me last night; it's made me so miserable. I've been crying all day, off and on, and mother, she said it got on her nerves. She said she wasn't going to stay at home to listen to no such dratted whining. She had an early tea, and went over to see my Aunt Martha, and I've been alone ever since, and I've been getting miserabler and miserabler, and I'm glad to see anyone, it's that lonely."

Charity wished she would get back to her story. What *could* be the matter?

"Well," she said in a low voice, "what did Robert say to make you cry so?"

Kitty straightened herself, and tried to smooth her untidy hair.

"It was last night," she said. "Mother was puttin' the clothes in soak in the wash'us, and me and Robert was settin' here alone, and Robert was tryin' to make me say when, and I was that silly I was only bent on teasing him. And he said as there never had been a girl loved so true as he loved me, and I said he didn't care two straws for me."

Charity shivered, and drew a little nearer to the fire, but she didn't take her arm from Kitty's waist. She remembered Robert's saying the same thing to her, but she, fool that she had been, had believed him.

"Robert took it very serious," Kitty went on, "an' he began saying pretty things about my hair. Like sunshine, he said it was, and he said he'd never seen such a pair of blue eyes, but I kept saucin' and saucin', till at last he ups and says, 'You say you know I don't love you! Prove it then!' And I says, 'Bless the lad—it's for you to prove as you do!' I'd been reading the "Young Ladies' Journal," and somehow my head was filled with the notion that a man couldn't really love you till he'd done something for you as he didn't like doin'.

"'Do something to show you love me best,' says I, and I kept on saucin' and saucin', till at last he jumped up and banged his fist on the table.

"'My God!' he said, and I was main glad the kitchen door was shut, 'you're a little cat, for all your prettiness. I *have* done something—something as I shall suffer for some day, I've no doubt.'

"And then I saw what a real rage he was in, and I began to get a bit frightened. He's a terror when he's roused, is Robert."

Her listener made no remark. Indeed she could not trust herself to speak. This was the girl her lover had deserted her for—this empty-headed little flirt, who thought it a joke to annoy and provoke him! She choked down the angry words which came to her lips, and Kitty went on:

"He sat down on a chair and he put his elbows on the table, and he looked me straight in the face.

"'I'll tell you what I've done for you,' he said. 'And maybe it'll please you. I've thrown over the nicest and the prettiest and the best girl in England for you, and you're not good enough to tie her shoestrings for her.'"

"What did *you* say to that?" Charity asked in a strangled voice.

"Well, at first I was a bit cross. I told him he could go back to his 'nicest, prettiest, and best,' and the sooner he went the better."

"And then?"

"Oh, then he shook his head, and said he'd done it now, and he should stand by it, and he said that for all the other girl was so good he loved me best, and if he couldn't have me, he'd have no other. And when he spoke so nice and quiet my crossness all went away, and I was glad he hadn't taken me at my word. An' I think I should die if Robert gave over loving me. So we made it up, and didn't say nothing more for half an

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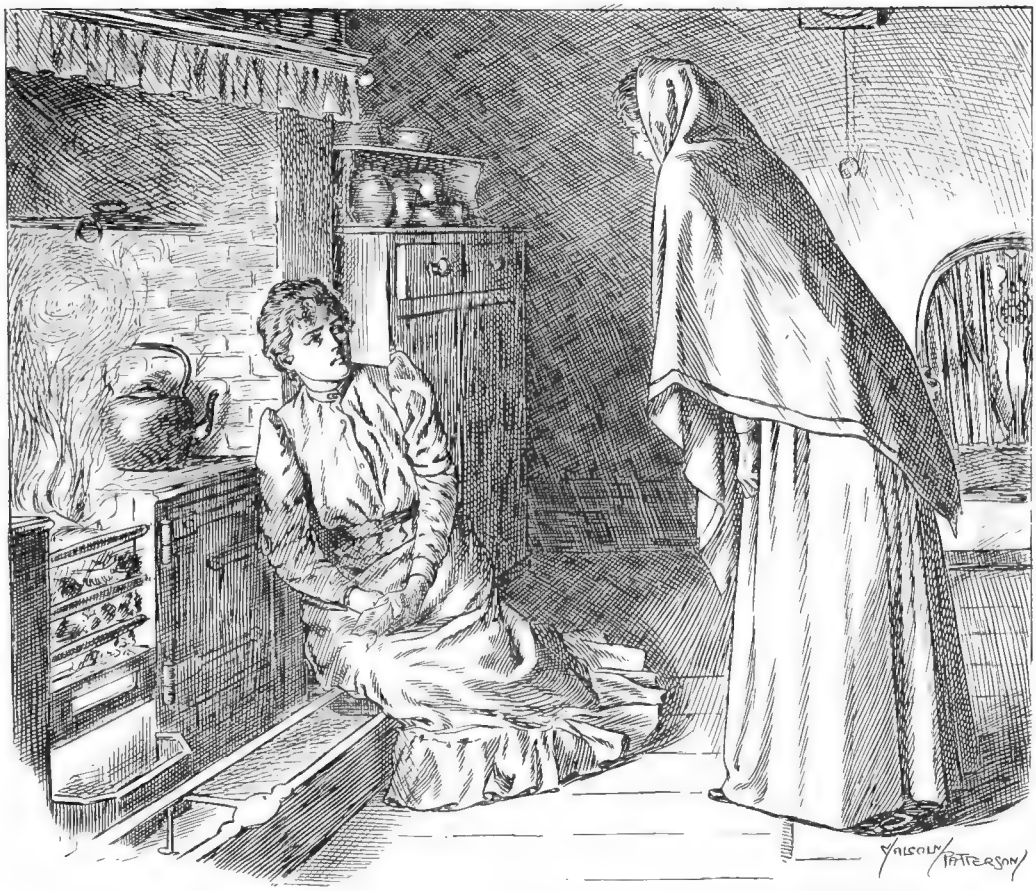

Charity crossed the kitchen to her side. "It's you I've come to see," she said gently, as though she were speaking to a child with a cut finger.

hour, when I thought of something, and I said to Robert:

"'Was the other girl fond of you, Robert?' And he said she was. Then I said: 'Had you been walking out with her long before you knew me?' And he said as how they'd been keeping company for five years. Then I took Robert's arm from round me, and I told him I was tired, and he went home. But for all I said I was tired, I didn't sleep, and I lay and I lay, and thought and thought, and cried and cried, and grew miserabler and miserabler, all for thinking of that other girl. An' I kept on thinkin', 'Suppose it had been me?' an' then I thought perhaps she was lying awake crying because Robert had left her, an' calling me everything for robbin' her—me!—as didn't know, an' I thought that I should have died if it had been me, and I knew she loved him, because no one could help lovin' him if they knew him—do what they could—and I thought she must feel nearly as bad as if she'd buried him."

"Perhaps the other girl would rather he'd have died," Charity said bitterly, and Kitty looked up wonderingly.

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "There's different ways of lovin'. I can't help thinking it's always better to see him as you love, well and happy, even if you're breaking your own heart for want of him."

Charity looked at her curiously. Was she speaking the truth?

"So this is all you've got to make you unhappy—the sorrows of another girl?"

Kitty flushed indignantly.

"All!" she cried. "You call it all, to steal a girl's lover away without knowing it, and spoil her whole life for her? Why, I'd do anything if I could make it up to her."

Charity tightened her grip of the little hand.

Google

"Is it you, Charity Carr, that comes sneaking here, settin' her against me?"

Her anger had quite faded away, but she was not quite sure.

"Listen," she said. "If someone was to ask you to pretend you didn't care for Robert, and didn't want to marry him, so that he should turn to the other girl, who loved him so long and so true, for comfort, would you do it?"

She gazed earnestly into the frightened blue eyes and watched the little flushed face grow white at her words.

"Oh!" Kitty cried, "but no one will, will they?—and Robert knows—he wouldn't believe me—and I love him so—"

Charity was relentless.

"You said you would do anything for the other girl," she said. "And if you do love him remember *she* has loved him for five years."

"But Robert!—he wouldn't be happy without me," the girl said piteously.

Charity smiled, rather sadly, Kitty thought.

"Oh, Robert would manage, I daresay. He's done without you up to now—and then you see he'd have the nicest, and the prettiest, and the best girl to make shift with."

Kitty hid her face in her hands and for a moment did not speak.

"Very well!" she said at last. "I will try and give him up. But oh! I hope he won't believe me—I hope he won't believe me!"

"You can make Robert believe anything," Charity said calmly.

And then Kitty began to understand.

"Oh!" she cried, "You know him—you—"

Then something checked her excited flow of words, and made her spring to her feet and hastily smooth her tumbled yellow hair before the small square of looking-glass. She had heard the click of the garden gate, and the well-known sound of a man's footsteps on the stone path.

"It's Robert," she whispered in a frightened voice, and Charity, who knew the step even better than she did, assented with a curt nod.

He knocked sharply, and the two girls stood looking at each other silently. Charity spoke first. She was paler than before, and her mouth was strangely hard.

"You'd better let him in," she said, "and get it over."

Kitty shivered

"I daren't go to the door," she said. "If he kisses me, I daren't tell him all those lies."

"Call to him to come in, then!"

"Come in!" Kitty's voice was hard and shrill. The door opened and Robert entered.

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He was tall and well-looking enough, but his mouth and chin were weak. At the sight of Kitty's tear-stained face he stopped, and stared, but when he turned his eyes on Charity he jumped to a conclusion.

"You here?" he cried.

The girl opened her mouth to speak, but Kitty stopped her. She knew that if she didn't say what she had to say at once, she couldn't say it at all.

"It's all a mistake, Robert—I don't love you a bit—I've never loved you—I hate you. Go back to the—the—nicest—and prettiest—and best girl, and don't never come near me again—I—I—can't bear you."

For a moment the young man was too bewildered to speak; then with one indignant look at Charity he crossed the room to Kitty's side and put his arm round her. She tried to push him away, but he was too strong, and at last she was obliged to give way, and burst into a hysterical fit of sobbing on his shoulder.

"And is it you, Charity Carr, that comes sneakin' here, settin' her against me? I would never have believed it of you!"

Then Charity rose to the occasion. This was Kitty Robinson's young man, not the Robert she had loved so many years, and the new light on his character was not a becoming one.

"Wait!" she said. "You are making a mistake. . . . Kitty! you said you were sorry for the girl your lover threw over—you've no need to be. The girl's me, and I never was so pleased in my life as when I got his letter breaking it off. I never cared the worth of a farthing candle for him, and I am main glad to be rid of him for good. Don't you spoil your pretty eyes with crying about a girl as don't need your pity, and don't be sorry for me any more. I'm as happy—as happy as ever was. There's as good fish in the sea as ever come out."

Then turning to the young man with flashing eyes:

"And as for you, Robert, you don't need to think as I was settin' your lass against you—you were right when you said it wasn't like me—but if you marry Kitty Robinson you treat her kind! I bear no malice to you, and I hope we shall part friends, but if you don't make her a good husband, and treat her more true and faithful than you've treated me, you will be the blackest villain as ever deserved hell-fire. She is a soft-hearted little thing, and too good by half for the likes of you."

Robert was speechless, but Kitty left him to come and put her arms round Charity's neck.

"You *do* love him!" she whispered; "and you're pretending you don't care because of me. But I did try to give him up, didn't I?"

Charity pushed her gently away.

"My dear," she said, "you go back to that Robert of yours—you can take my share of him and welcome."

And without another word she threw her shawl over her head and left the house.

Photo by W. P. Edwards

Typical examples of Chinese women's curious headdress.

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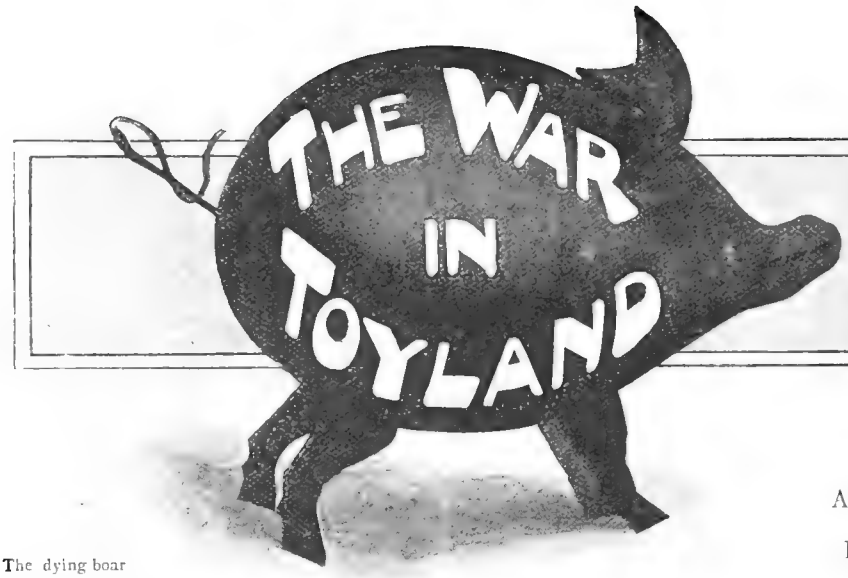
THE WAR IN TOYLAND

By Arthur C. Banfield.



The dying boar

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

"'Ere y'are, sir! Price one shilling; the only original Oom Paul and future hex-president of the Transvaal, wiskers and all complete. Price one shillin' only!"

So runs the cry of the man who has a tray-load of the comical affair reproduced on another page to dispose of. The "only original Oom Paul," it will be readily seen, consists of an indiarubber bladder stamped with a likeness (?) of Kruger, with the addition of a cardboard top hat and tow whiskers By means of a mouthpiece it can be blown up to a vast size, and reminds one of the frog in the fable who would imitate the cow, with disastrous effect. Indeed, the writer was advised to "do the same as 'Bobs' wos doing—blow 'im up and bust 'im."

Another toy of the same class is illustrated in the "Dying Boar." If this is fully blown and placed on a table, the wind in escaping through the mouthpiece passes over a small reed, giving rise to a most mournful, ear-piercing wail, which, if you take the vendor's word for it, accurately resembles the last squeal of a dying Boer.

A Mafeking hat.

One might look in vain in the windows of the West End milliners for the choice article reproduced under the name of the Mafeking hat. As a matter of course, its "colour scheme" consists of the Union Jack, and on the receipt of the news of the relief of Baden-Powell and his gallant little garrison such hats appeared on the streets in thousands.

A transformation scene. On pulling a lever, a British soldier appears from behind a kopje and puts the Boer to flight.

The "Gentleman in Khaki" is another toy which has sold to an enormous extent, and, strange to say, it is of French manufacture.

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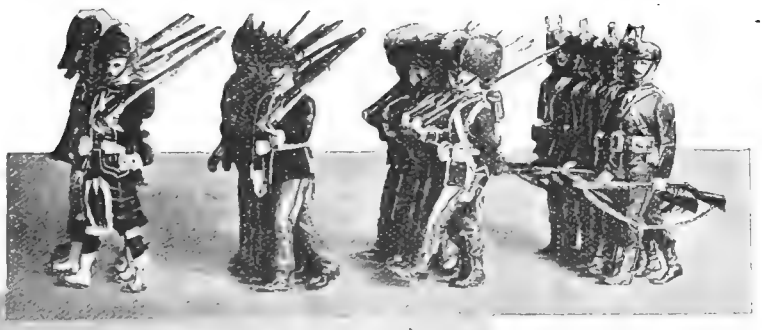
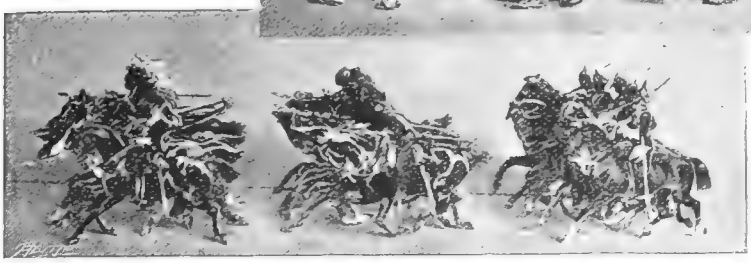


These soldiers are made of cardboard, and can be bought for 1d. a row. All kinds of infantry and cavalry can be obtained.

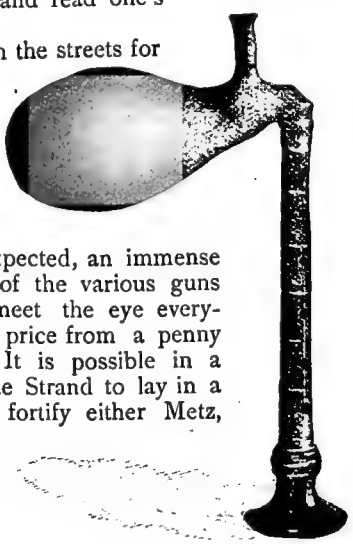


It is a little clockwork figure dressed in a fearful and wonderful khaki-coloured uniform, of a type unknown at the War Office, and is armed with a Lee-Metford rifle, with which, on being wound up, it goes through some curious evolutions, presumably some form of bayonet exercise.

Doubtless many persons who read this article will remember a form of fortune-telling very prevalent in the early nineties as a side show to bazaars, etc. On entering the "magician's cave" one was told to breathe on a mirror and read one's fate in a mystic inscription which would suddenly appear.

This has been revived in the magic mirrors now sold on the streets for a penny, one of which is reproduced. By breathing on them the portrait of one or the other of the prominent persons of the war is at once made manifest. The one here reproduced represents President Kruger.

This bladder head of "Oom Paul" can be blown out to a vast size. Its fate is often that of the frog in the fable.



The Highlander's Bagpipe.

As might be expected, an immense variety of models of the various guns used in the war meet the eye everywhere, and range in price from a penny to one shilling. It is possible in a single walk down the Strand to lay in a sufficient stock to fortify either Metz, Kronstadt, or Portsmouth (in miniature) twice over with an assortment of Creûsots, Armstrongs, Krupps, naval guns, wire guns, Long Toms, Hotchkiss, and Maxims.

All of them are capable of shooting peas and shot, but the boy who purchases them will discover, with a most lamentable lack of accuracy. The shilling model of a Creûsot gun, a photograph of which is reproduced, can, however, be depended upon to shoot a pea against grandpa's bald head with considerable force, provided grandpa is not more than three feet from the muzzle.

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A favourite Kruger toy — pull the string and the figure moves.

At the same time it may be as well to lay in a stock of cardboard soldiers to work them; they can easily be obtained in any uniform, both cavalry and infantry, at a price of one penny a row. A leaden general on horseback to direct them will cost sixpence, or, if a field marshal is preferred, Lord Roberts can be bought for a shilling—not a very excessive price, considering his sterling qualities. Caricatures naturally form a very considerable proportion of the toys that the war has brought into existence. In the one reproduced we have a fairly good likeness of President Kruger, and by lifting up the flap, of which the upper part of the picture is composed, the British lion is at once disclosed — with Kruger in its mouth, the chin being made to do duty for both the President and lion.

Various positions taken up by Kruger when he arrives in St. Helena.

Another very clever two-phase toy is labelled "Steel that makes the Boer Run." It consists of a bit of South African landscape, with a kopje in the background and a Boer (a little taller than the kopje), in the foreground, busily engaged in "sniping" a concealed foe, at the same time running towards him.

On pulling the lever out (seen behind the Boer's left leg) a radical change comes over the scene. Mr. T. Atkins, tired of being "sniped," appears from behind a rock, bayonet fixed, and with a look of stern determination on his face.

This is quite enough for the Boer, who at the same time turns round and seeks safety in flight.

Another toy of the same class is also reproduced. This one consists of five pieces of tin loosely riveted together in such a manner that the figure is capable of taking up an infinity of grotesque positions, illustrations

The magic mirror.

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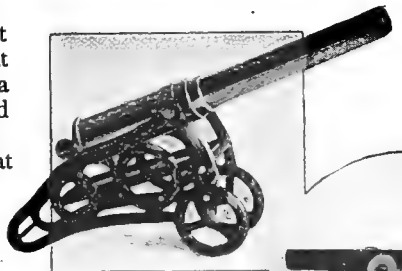
of which are given. It will be noticed that Kruger is sitting on a packing-case, labelled "P. K., St. Helena."

The first thought that strikes one when confronted with the immense number and variety of buttons and badges met with in a wholesale dealer's shop is: "Where on earth do they all go?" Not one in ten of the persons met in the streets wear one, yet they are sold in millions. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, of Houndsditch, assured the writer that he had patterns in stock, and of the more popular heroes of the war, grosses were sold a day. They range in price from a ½*d.* to 1*s.* by far the greater portion of them hailing from Germany. The favourites are those bearing likenesses of Lord Roberts. General Baden-Powell comes next, closely followed by the Queen and Lord Kitchener. Every general in the field is represented, however, also other heroes of the war as well, Bugler Dunn and Rudyard Kipling finding a ready sale.

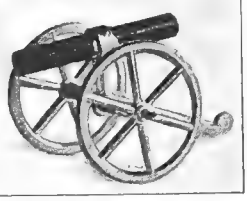


A Boer Creûsot.

An immense variety of toy-guns have been manufactured. Here are a few samples. They are all able to fire peas.

Long Tom.

A Maxim.



This gentleman in khaki goes through the bayonet exercise.

A curiosity, passing for the government buildings at Pretoria (with the Union Jack flying over them), is at present a prime favourite. These government buildings are, however, suspiciously like the Birmingham Council House.

The well-known medals containing small portraits of our heroes in South Africa are the work of a well-known Birmingham photographer (Mr. J. W. Beaufort), who, to the writer's personal knowledge, has been turning them out during the war at the rate of a quarter of a million weekly from about forty different varieties. Again one asks, "Where do they all go?"

Another surprising thing in connection with these buttons is the marvellous celerity with which they are produced. At the time of writing, the author has already seen many sample buttons of Admiral Seymour, whose fate was for so long a mystery and who fought his way so bravely back to Tientsin. How many toys will have their origin in the Chinese imbroglio?

Transformation scene—Kruger and the British Lion.

By permission of Woolston & Co., Manchester, producers of the novelty and holders of the copyright.

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By R. Neish.

I.

"I will have it, I will, and you're an old cat, so there."

"Very well, Miss Leila," said her nurse angrily, "I shall speak to Sir Ralph."

"I don't care," answered Leila Allingham. "You can if you like, but if you do I'll only scratch you."

Nurse tried reasoning. "But I can't reach it, Miss, and what does it matter about one wretched red rose, when you have a beautiful conservatory full of nice pink ones?"

"I don't care, I want that one," answered Leila, "I like red ones and I *will* have it." Her voice rose shrilly again, but stopped suddenly as a voice near her said, "Shall I get it for you, Miss?"

She glanced up. A small boy was looking down upon her from the topmost branches of a tree that stood in the lane outside the garden.

"Yes, Dick, quick, quick,' cried the child eagerly.

"Miss Leila, you are not to play with that boy," said nurse, in a low sharp voice; "he's only a common boy, and you're a little lady, and Miss Grant told me not to let him come into the garden on any account."

"It's *my* garden—mine, and Papa's," said Leila wilfully, "and Dick can come in whenever I tell him to and he shall, so there."

The boy had waited a moment while the discussion was going on; and then began to climb nimbly down.

"Make haste, Dick, I want that rose 'mediately."

Dick grinned. "Which one, Miss?"

"That large red one, there on the top," and she pointed to a crimson rambler that was nodding lazily in the wind that blew round the top of the wall.

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"I shall go in and fetch Miss Grant," said nurse angrily, as Dick began to climb the rose tree.

"All right, go on, I don't care," said Leila. "Tell-tale tit, tell-tale tit," she screamed, greatly to Dick's joy.

The woman walked angrily away.

Leila waited eagerly while Dick tore off the flower. He dropped it into her pinafore, then throwing one leg over the wall sat looking down at her.

"You're like the Fairy Princess in my school prize," he said slowly, his boyish face full of shy admiration for the little figure beneath him.

Leila looked pleased. "Am I? Well," —with great dignity—"I'm not really a princess, Dick, but we can pretend I am, and then I can give you a present; princesses always give people presents. Come down quick!" she added peremptorily.

"All right, Miss—look out!"

Leila moved backwards, and, with a spring, Dick came to the ground.

The child gasped. "Oh, Dick, how brave you are. I do like brave people."

The boy's face flushed hotly.

"Here's the present," she said, taking a peach out of a basket that lay on the ground and handing it to him.

Dick's eyes glistened. "Thank you, Miss. Don't you want it yourself?"

Leila shook her head. "No; hurry up and eat it quick, and we'll bury the stone and grow a peach tree."

"It won't grow," said Dick.

"It will—don't you contradict me,—or I'll scratch you."

Dick laughed. "You shouldn't scratch, Missie; only cats scratch."

"Don't tell me what I shouldn't do," replied Leila sharply, and turning round, she boxed Dick's ears.

She was only six-and-a-half, but Dick was nearly nine and tall and broad for his age. He drew himself up and laughed good-naturedly. "You're plucky enough," he muttered admiringly; "it's almost a pity you're only a girl, Miss."

"Only a girl?" repeated Leila with contempt. "I'm very glad I am a girl. Miss Grant says women rule the world, and someday,"—she drew herself up—"I shall be a woman."

As the children were turning into the wood, Leila stopped and pulling Dick's arm whispered, "'Sh! there's Miss Grant, she's come out to fetch me, let's run away." In the distance the tall and rather gaunt figure of Miss Grant could be seen stepping determinedly down the drive.

"Come on quick, she won't see us if her spectacles aren't on," said Leila, and they began to run. Leila soon stopped. "I can't run here," she panted, "it hurts my feet," and she sank half crying on to the ground.

"Shall I carry you, Missie?" Dick asked diffidently.

"Oh, yes do, quick, what fun," cried Leila, springing up again. "Do carry me, and I'll be a damsel in distress, like the one in my fairy-book."

The boy lifted the small figure gingerly, almost with reverence. Leila seemed such a strange and wonderful little creature after the rough girls he met at the village school. He ran swiftly on, the child clinging tightly to him, and placed her gently on a bed of dried fir needles under the shadow of a big tree.

"Isn't it lovely," she whispered. "How I wish I had you always to play with, Dick. I'm so lonely."

The boy looked at her in surprise. "Lonely, Miss, when you've a nice garden and can eat as much fruit as ever you like, and—"

"Girls don't care to eat," interrupted Leila.

"Don't they?" he asked half incredulously. "But then you've got lots of toys."

"Yes, I know, but toys aren't half as nice as a real boy," said Leila, impatiently.

Dick blushed hotly, without knowing why.

"Would you like to see my nursery, Dick?"

"They wouldn't let me in," he said despondently. Your nurse says I'm only a common boy and you're a little lady."

"Nonsense," replied Leila, whose ideas of social decorum were self-made and invincible. "You're no more common than me, and you're brave and strong, and you've got curly hair like my boy doll, and"—in a sudden burst of admiration, as she remembered how he had saved her from her governess—"I love you awfully, Dick, and if you like, when you're grown up, I'll marry you." She waited breathlessly for his answer.

Dick sat silent and uncomfortable.

"Well, stupid, why don't you say thank you?" she asked impatiently.

"Thank you, Miss," he answered very humbly, for he felt almost shy with the lovely and imperious little creature who nestled so confidently to his side.

"All my dolls are married except the two last new ones," said Leila presently; "but

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I shall call them Dick and Leila and marry them this afternoon. They're both girls, but it won't matter. Listen!" she added, springing suddenly to her feet, "there's the tea gong. Quick! carry me back to the house."

The boy lifted her up and carried her to the edge of the wood where he would have put her down, but she held him tightly round the neck.

"No, carry me up to the house," she commanded, "I'm tired."

Soon the strangely assorted couple reached the front door. Miss Graham came forward and took her charge peremptorily from Dick's arms.

"Run away at once," she said angrily; "you are not to come into these grounds again."

"Yes, you shall," called out Leila, "I shall ask papa to let you come again, so there. Good-bye, Dick, good-bye, good-bye," she screamed shrilly as Miss Grant pulled her sharply into the house.

Dick feeling ashamed and angry, ran quickly down the drive.

Sir Ralph Allingham came out of the study. "Leila, what is it?" he asked in astonishment.

Flushed and panting, the child ran up to him and clasped his hand, but said nothing.

"Leila has been exceedingly naughty," said Miss Graham stiffly. "I found her talking to that common boy, Dick Burnett, again, although I have repeatedly told her not to do so."

Leila's hand tightened on her father's. Sir Ralph lifted her up in his arms. "I will be with you in five minutes," he said quietly. "I must speak to Leila first."

"I love you awfully, Dick, and, if you like, when I'm grown up, I'll marry you."

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Sir Ralph carried the child into his study, and, seating himself in the armchair by the window, said gently, "Well, Leila, what is it?"

The child burst into tears and flung herself against his neck. "They won't let me play with Dick, daddy," she sobbed, "because they say he is common, but he is no more common than me, and I want him."

Sir Ralph stroked the little face that lay against his breast. "And supposing daddy told you not to play with him, Leila?"

The child sat up and looked up straight into her father's eyes. "Then I shouldn't, because I love you even better than Dick—but I should want to all the same."

Her father smiled. "Do you like Dick so much, Leila?"

She nodded her head. "Yes," she said. "He is so awfully brave, and he can climb trees, and catch squirrels, and carry me, and water my garden, and——"

"What a list of accomplishments," interrupted her father, laughing, and for a moment he sat thinking deeply with contracted brow. He felt sorry for the little motherless girl, who seemed so lonely, yet he knew no child with whom she could play. His nearest neighbours were nearly three miles away, with the exception of the Vicar, whose only little daughter was an invalid.

As Leila sat watching his face anxiously a shadow passed the window, and Sir Ralph leant eagerly forward.

"Ah, Wingfield, you are the very man I want," he said, and pushed open the French windows.

Dr. Wingfield stepped into the room. "How do you do, Sir Ralph," he said cheerily. "Is that you, Fairy? And how are you to-day?" And he lifted Leila up in his arms.

"Run away to Miss Grant, pet," said Sir Ralph tenderly, as the doctor put the child down again. "I want to talk to Dr. Wingfield about this Dick of yours."

She looked wistfully up in Dr. Wingfield's face. "All right, daddy," she said. "Good-night, come up and see me d'rectly I'm in bed."

"A quaint little lady," said the doctor as she left the room, "but not very hardy, I fear."

Sir Ralph's heart sank. "Don't you think she is getting stronger, Wingfield?" he asked anxiously.

"I hope so," replied the doctor rather gravely, "but she wants very careful looking after. You must get her out in the air as much as you can, and not let that hard-faced governess you have got for her keep her too much within bounds."

"She was complaining to me this afternoon about being lonely," said Sir Ralph. "And there is some boy she wants to play with, a boy who lives about here, called Dick Burnett. Do you know anything of him, Wingfield? I hear he is quite a common boy."

The doctor's face brightened when Dick's name was mentioned. "On the contrary," he said, "he is a very superior lad, a nice, honest-looking little fellow, with the most extraordinarily faithful-looking brown eyes. You ought to know something of him, Sir Ralph. His father was in your old regiment."

"You think there is no harm in letting him come here and play with Leila?" asked Sir Ralph doubtfully.

"Harm," echoed the doctor, "it would do her all the good in the world. Let them romp together as much as they like. If anything will make her strong it will be having a companion of her own age."

Sir Ralph rose. "You always preach the doctrine of common-sense, Wingfield," he said pleasantly, "I shall follow your advice and now I am going up to Leila."

He went slowly up the stairs to his little daughter's room. She was kneeling beside the bed, her long fair hair falling far below her waist and her hands clasped earnestly as she finished her evening prayer.

Sir Ralph stepped softly up to her, sitting on the bed beside her, laid his hand on her head.

The child looked up at him.

"Leila, Dr. Wingfield thinks you may be allowed to play with Dick."

She jumped up. "Then he is a darling!"

Her father smiled. "Don't you like Miss Grant, Leila?"

Leila shook he head. "No, she is an old cat! I wish the Lord would take her away to Heaven, daddy—she says she is very good."

Her father laughed. "Would you like nurse to teach you instead, pet?"

"Oh yes, I love nurse—she is only cross when I'm rude," replied the truthful Leila. And I say, daddy, Dick isn't common, is he?"

"I hope not."

"He's going to be a soldier," said Leila, "and kill ever so many people, and rise out of the ranks and be a general like—like—what's the name of the man you showed me in the papers?"

"Hector Macdonald," said her father.

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"Yes, that's it, Hector Macdonald. And when he comes home a general no one will think him common then, and I am going to marry him—may I daddy?"

"Certainly when he comes home a general," replied her father gravely, "but you are making your plans rather far ahead."

"That is only right," said Leila, nodding her head sagely at her father. "Miss Grant says we ought always to be ready for 'mergencies as we never know when we are going to be called to greatness, or wanted by the icy hand of death." Suddenly her lip dropped. "I don't want to die, daddy. Miss Grant says I may die at any moment."

"Miss Grant is a fool," replied her father sharply. "Get into bed, and go to sleep, Leila, and don't be silly; you are no more likely to die than I am."

Instantly comforted, Leila scrambled into bed. "And can I play with Dick d'rectly I have had my breakfast?"

"Yes, pet."

"Good-night, daddy, good-night, good-night, good-night," she murmured drowsily, already half asleep.

Sir Ralph went downstairs, and, ringing for the footman, told him sharply to send Miss Grant to the study.

II.

Dick was very unhappy. He had not only been called common and dirty, but he had been driven with ignominy from the house where his little Princess lived, and now he would never see her again. Next morning he went out early and flung himself face downwards in the long grass in the field outside Leila's garden, and the tears welled slowly in his eyes and he clenched his hands fiercely when he remembered how sharply the governess had caught Leila by the arm. Suddenly, as he lay there, the hot sun pouring down upon him, a shrill voice called out, "Dick, Dick, where are you?"

The boy sprang to his feet, the tears still heavy on his lashes. "Miss Leila," he stammered, as the child appeared suddenly, knee-deep in the long tangled grass, before him.

Leila looked at him with some disapproval. "Have you been crying?" she asked in amazement. "I hope you're not a cry-baby. I thought you were brave."

His eyes flashed angrily, but he did not answer.

"What have you been crying for?" she asked.

The boy only hung his head sullenly.

"What's the matter?" she said imperiously. "Quick, tell me."

"I was afraid, I—thought—they—had—been—unkind—to—you," he muttered shamefacedly.

He expected a shrill "stupid," but to his surprise, with true feminine inconsistency, Leila flung her arms round him and said, "Oh! you *darling* boy to cry for me, how lovely of you. Listen," she went on excitedly, "daddy says I can play with you whenever I like, and he has sent Miss Grant away, and I have told him that you are going to be a soldier and kill people, and be a general, and marry me." She paused breathlessly and looked eagerly at Dick, who was far too bewildered to answer her. "Well, stupid, why don't you say thank you?" she asked shrilly.

He laughed. "I am sure I am very much obliged, miss," he said, his face beaming.

"All right then, then don't call me miss," said Leila peremptorily, "call me Leila."

"I can't," he answered shyly.

"Why not?"

"Because I am only a common boy," he replied bitterly, for the expression had hurt him even more deeply than he knew.

"Call me Fairy then, like Dr. Wingfield. No, call me Princess, and then I can give you another present. Come on, we will get it now." And they ran off together.

The next morning Leila came out with a small cardboard box which she carried mysteriously up to Dick. "Something awful has happened," she said tragically, "one of my lovely goldfish is dead."

Dick opened the box and looked inside. "Would you like me to bury it, Princess?"

"Oh, how funny! Yes," answered Leila, cheering up immediately. "Let's bury it under the red rose-tree and put a 'scription on it, like real graves outside a church."

Dick buried the box carefully, and Leila borrowed a pencil from her nurse. Here, you write it," she said to the boy. "Write 'Here lies a faithful goldfish.'" and Dick slowly wrote the words on a piece of paper.

"Why do you call it faithful?" he asked." "It can't be faithful, because it didn't know you."

Leila who was dancing up and down stopped abruptly. "Girls don't have reasons for what they do," she said loftily, and added, "Nurse says you look faithful."

The boy raised his beautiful brown eyes to her face.

"And your eyes are just like the wall-flowers in my garden," she continued nodding her head at him.

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The children were very happy together, and greatly to Sir Ralph's joy Leila began to look quite robust. Strangely enough her manner grew gentler and sweeter, and she became ashamed of saying "I will scratch you." Even nurse grew to like Dick, and allowed that the plan had been a success. Miss Grant had left.

III.

Dick was nearly sixteen. In two years' time he would be a soldier. Leila was almost fourteen and quite strong now. Sir Ralph Allingham thought it quite time that she should take more seriously to her lessons, and he determined to send her to an old friend of his who took a few pupils at Bonn, in Germany, to be educated. He rather dreaded the parting between her and her playfellow, but, to his surprise, Leila seemed to feel it very little.

Suddenly, as he lay there, a shrill voice called out, "Dick, Dick, where are you?

"I'm going to be made clever, Dick," she said cheerfully, as they stood together under the red rose-tree, "and when I come back you will be a soldier. Pick me one of those," she added, pointing to the thickly clustering flowers.

Dick's heart was heavy, but he picked the rose and handed it to her.

Dick had never lost his early shyness with her, and lately he had realised more than once that there was an impassable social gulf between them. He still came and went about the house, but Leila was growing up and had to look after her father's guests, and often when she was walking about the grounds with one of them, she would only nod to him as she passed. To do her justice, she would willingly have stopped, but he never spoke to her unless she was alone. The boy loved her with his whole heart and mind; to him she was his ideal of all that was beautiful on earth. His love grew daily and absorbed him more and more. He would cheerfully have laid down his life for her, but as his worship of her grew greater, he grew less and less at ease in her presence.

"Good-bye, Dick," cried Leila the next day as she stood in the hall waiting for her father, and she would have waved her hand, but suddenly catching sight of the misery in his eyes, she ran back and clasping him tightly round the neck cried, "Good-bye, darling old Dick, good-bye, good-bye."

* * * *

Leila was home again. Her three years at school had been very happy ones and she had grown not only in body but mind, and was more lovely than ever.

"How's Dick, daddy?" she asked as she sat chatting with her father.

"He's all right," replied Sir Ralph, "he is in my old regiment and is going to India

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next week. He was asking yesterday when you were coming home, and saying he wanted to see you."

"Of course, he must," said Leila. And in the morning she sent him a little note.

DEAR DICK,
Come up and see me this afternoon.
Yours sincerely,
LEILA.

Dick pressed the little pencilled letter to his lips. "God bless her," he murmured, "then she has not quite forgotten me."

It seemed to him a wonderful thing that after three years the girl of whom he had thought night and day should not have forgotten him. He felt shy and awkward as he walked slowly up to her house.

Leila was in the library arranging her flowers. She came forward and held out both hands. "Hullo, Dick, how are you? I'm so glad you've come."

"I love him still," she said, as she picked a red rose and put its cool petals against her hot face.

Then a feeling of shyness overcame them both. Dick had grown strong and tall, and the beautiful brown eyes had the same faithful expression in them, and Leila was a grown-up young lady now. In a long dress and her fair hair done up in some wonderful shining coils about her head, she filled Dick with a feeling of almost breathless admiration.

"When do you sail?" she asked presently.

"On Monday, Miss Leila."

She laughed a little awkwardly. "You don't call me Princess, now, Dick."

His face flushed. "I do in my heart," he said in a low voice, and stood silent again.

"You will do great things some day," said Leila gaily, "I know you will, I always said so. Do you remember I told you you would be like Hector Macdonald?"

Dick smiled sadly. "I shall never be that, miss."

They talked for some time longer, and at last he turned reluctantly to go.

"No, wait, Dick," said the girl, "I must first fetch papa," and she left the room.

Dick felt sick at heart at leaving her. "She must never know that I have dared to love her," he muttered to himself, "never know, I must never let her see." He felt there was a social gulf between them and that his secret must die with him, and that he must keep himself well in hand to-day.

"I can't find papa," said Leila, coming back. "He must be out."

Dick stood waiting for a moment, and then said slowly, "Good-bye, then, miss."

Leila held out her hand. "Good-bye, Dick, don't forget me."

Forget her! If he could only tell her

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what he felt, if he could for one moment kneel and kiss the little feet that had so often come to meet him; he did not answer.

Leila felt a vague sense of disappointment. "Aren't you a little sorry to go, Dick?"

He looked steadily at her for a moment, and, without understanding it, she saw something of the despair in his eyes.

"Yes, I know you are," she said hurriedly, and she lifted a red rose from the table. "Would you like to take this with you?"

He took it from her. "God bless you," he muttered huskily, and abruptly left the room.

Leila sat staring at her flowers, her face flushed and her heart beating violently. "How I hate his going away," she said to herself. "I—I believe I am in love with him, how dreadful when he is only thinking of his journey and his soldiering—yet he seemed sorry, too," and she blushed deeply at the remembrance of his voice, husky with emotion. "Oh, how dreadfully I shall miss him. Dear, dear, Dick, I hope he won't forget me."

IV.

Nearly a year later Leila stood beside her father's chair.

"Daddy."

"Yes, Leila."

"Morton Burnside wants me to marry him."

"Well, Leila?"

"Well, papa?"

Sir Ralph pushed back his chair and drew his daughter on to his knee. "Do you love him, Leila?"

"Yes, I—I don't mind him . . . . he's very kind."

"My dear," said her father very gently, "I don't think you love him much or you would not ask my advice."

"Yes I should, papa."

"Not quite in this way then, Leila."

Leila hesitated. "I shall never love anyone more than that."

Her father smiled. "You're only a baby, after all, there's no need for you to leave your old dad yet." Then he added, "But he is a good fellow, Leila, and remember you won't always have me to look after you."

"I shall go and think it over," said Leila, and she kissed her father and walked out into the garden, a look of her old determination on her face. She moved slowly up and down the rosary Her thoughts turned to her old playfellow. "I wonder what Dick would say. I shall never think anyone as nice as Dick, never, never, never, but he's forgotten me, and never writes, and he's only a soldier in the ranks and I ought not to think of him in that way at all," she said to herself as she picked a red rose and put the cool petals against her hot face. As she walked slowly towards the house the butler brought her a thick letter. It was from India, and she opened it wonderingly; a sealed packet fell out. She read the letter which contained it first.

DEAR MADAM,

I am a hospital nurse and venture to write to you at the request of Private Burnett, who died this morning. He begged me to give you the inclosed. He was shot while helping a wounded comrade, and, in spite of a terrible wound, he managed to get his companion to a place of safety.

Yours faithfully,
E. MARTIN.

With trembling hands and blanched face, Leila opened the other packet.

DEAR PRINCESS,

I am writing this to-night as to-morrow we start to fight, and it may be my last chance of writing on this earth. If I live I shall tear this up, but if not there can be no harm in it reaching you. I have loved and worshipped you with every breath I have drawn. Forgive me for telling you. I shall carry this letter with me to-morrow and the red rose you gave me, which has never left me.

Your faithful servant,
DICK.

Leila sat looking blankly in front of her, the tears falling down her face. Then she rose and locked the faded rose away in her cabinet, and for a long time sat thinking, still and miserable. Dick was an aching memory to her rather than a bitter grief, and although she felt very unhappy, her sadness was mixed with pride at his courage, for it was a noble death and she was glad to feel that he had loved her.

"I must try and forget him, poor, poor Dick," she told herself; then she burst into tears again.

The next morning she went slowly into her father's room.

"What's the matter, Leila?"

"Nothing, papa," she said cheerfully, "only a headache, and I've been thinking."

She would not tell her father about Dick's death until she could speak quite calmly of it.

"And have you thought about Burnside?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, Fairy? And what have you decided?" he asked nervously.

There was a moment's pause; then Leila said slowly and tenderly. "I—I have decided to stay with you, daddy."

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A BEAUTY FACTORY

By Chauncey Montgomery M'Govern.

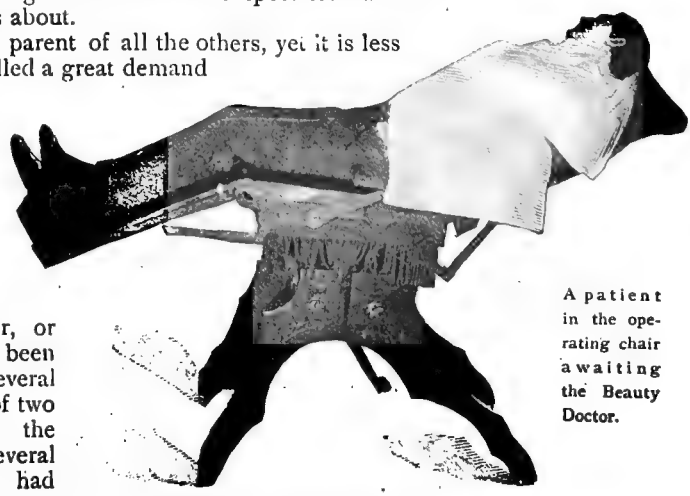
(*Illustrated with Photographs.*)

Yankee business enterprise having made itself felt in the four quarters of the earth is now invading the sphere of the gods, and beauty which since the earliest days had been looked upon by mortal man as the exclusive gift of the propitious Venus can to-day be purchased in the United States for the all-powerful dollar. There are already half-a-dozen "beauty factories" throughout the States, where any ugly woman may go, and, at a small outlay, buy as much loveliness as will cause her to pass muster in a crowd of beauties; and should the person in question be blessed with a bulging pocket-book she can have herself so completely altered that even her own mother would recognize her only with difficulty.

I spent several hours in one of these beauty factories not many weeks ago. Some people with whom I was acquainted had told me of satisfactory operations they had had performed at the place, so that I was prepared for surprises. But it was nothing short of amazing to see a nimble-fingered surgeon transform a highly-arched Roman nose into one of classic lines, to see a clearly formed moustache removed for ever from a woman's lip, and to see a double chin made into a single one before the spectator had time to guess what the surgeon was about.

The factory I visited is the parent of all the others, yet it is less than ten years old. That it filled a great demand was apparent in the fact that, although six rapid surgeons were constantly at work, there were never less than a score of people awaiting their turns for operations.

One can scarcely think of any defect of the body—caused either by nature, error, or accident — which has not been treated here. I was shown several large albums filled with sets of two photographs, each showing the "before and after" of several thousand ugly persons who had



A patient in the operating chair awaiting the Beauty Doctor.

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A remarkable specimen of the Beauty Factor's work.

Before. After.

been made the reverse by one of the factory's surgeons. Repulsive hunchbacks had been made perfectly normal, pitiful club feet had been set at correct angles, comically bow legs had been given a graceful straightness, lame legs had been made sound, calves, busts, and arms had been either enlarged or reduced, thick lips—"nigger lips"—had been compressed to the average size; while the cases of warts, moles, pimples, and other blotches, and even whiskers and moustaches, which had been removed—the latter so as never to grow again—were too numerous to reckon.

A great number of persons had had their noses either reduced or enlarged or their angles altered; many had had hare-lips moulded down to the normal form. Nearly one person in every twenty-five had had protruding ears neatly pressed back against the head; several had had their heights increased by from three-quarters of an inch to two inches, while one patient—an Indian who had become a lawyer—had had his prominent cheeks reduced to the level of the average Caucasian.

The superintendent informed me that, in addition to these thousands of photographs, there were proportionately about as many more people who had wrinkles removed and dimples made in their cheeks and chins, but of whom he had not bothered to have photographs taken. He pointed out, also, that, while the photographs he showed me gave a good idea of the various "beautifyings which the factory turned out," many interesting patients would not consent to have their photographs taken "before and after," and that among these people were some with physical defects which the majority of human beings knew nothing about.

The methods employed by the beauty surgeons in their various operation seemed to me to be quite simple, and the apparatus they used for even the most delicate work not at all complicated. Many of the operations are performed in a few seconds without pain to the patient, but in most cases the use of anæsthetics is resorted to.

To show how a dimple is made in a cheek I was admitted to the room where a young woman of nineteen was desirous of being so adorned. The patient did not strike me as needing any dimple to make her worthy of the title of "beautiful," and so I whispered to the surgeon. His reply was that he thought as I did, "but she is so elated over the way I made her naturally large ears small that

Before. After.

Projecting ears are effectually trained.

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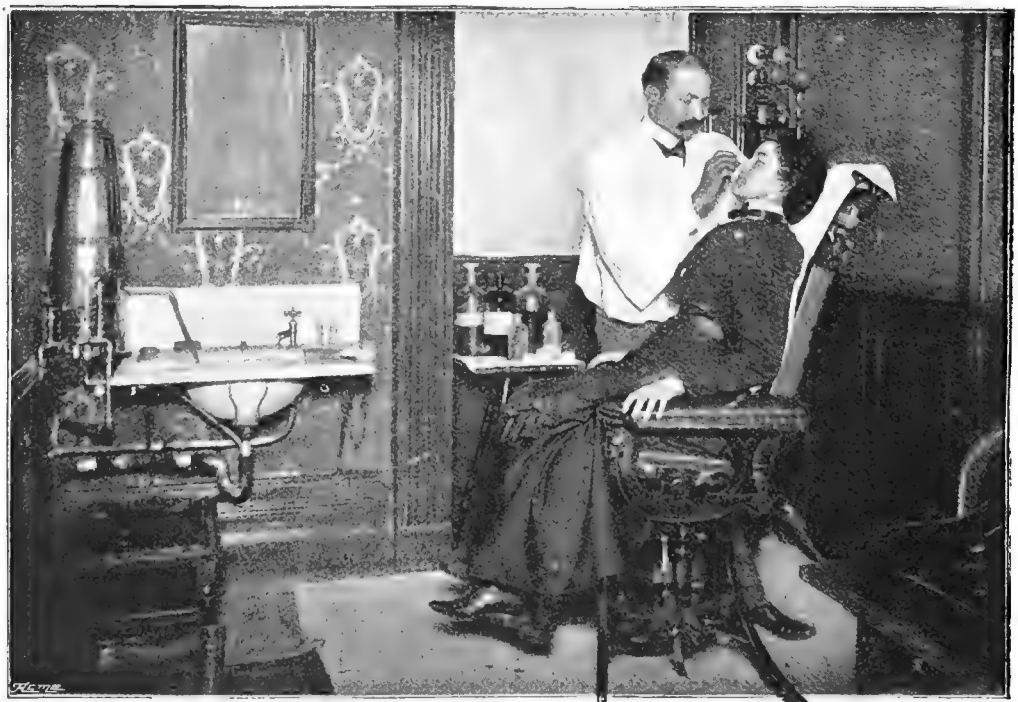
she wants me to go a step further." By the way, I was allowed by the patient to examine her ears, but I could find no trace of the surgeon's slashings.

When the chair had been adjusted the surgeon gave the woman a hand mirror, telling her to look into it and smile her very sweetest. As she was carrying out his orders, the surgeon marked a spot in her cheek, gave her some anæsthetic, and in a few moments she was unconscious. He then took up a small, narrow-bladed knife, and made a short, straight incision through the skin. He folded back the skin on both sides,

"There are other methods I use to make dimples," he continued. "I select my method according to the sort of patient and the size of the dimple desired. Sometimes I insert an electric needle under the skin in order to destroy the tissue with which it comes in contact. In the healing, the lower layer shrinks. This leaves a hollow, and the hollow is a dimple. A much more usual method than this, however, is where the electrical application is made on the inside of the mouth, a method which destroys some of the tissues in the lining of the mouth. After the wound heals there is no possibility of a



In this remarkable photograph you see the finishing touches being put to a "built-up" nose.

and then removed a slight elliptical section of the flesh. The assistant next sprayed the cut part with an antiseptic, to prevent inflammation, as the surgeon told me, after which the edges of the skin were drawn together and sewed up. I was told that the operation was then completed.

"The wound will heal in a few days," said the surgeon, "and at the end of that time the patient will return to me and I will remove the slight scar by electricity. There will then be not the least trace of the knife, and she will have as pretty a dimple as can be found in a day's walk.

scar when this method is used, but there is some temporary discomfort to the patient until the wound heals up."

On the day of my visit a man, well known on the American race track—Jockey Lindstrom—was having a high arch removed from his nose. The success of the operation so pleased him that he did not express the least reluctance to having his photographs published, with his name, and showing him before and after the operation.

When Lindstrom had stepped into the operating chair and had been put under the influence of anæsthetics, the surgeon made a

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vertical incision from between the eyes to the tip of the nose, and folded the flesh back on either side. A steel burr, run by a small electric motor, was then produced from a cabinet and placed against the bone. It was not long before the latter had been ground down to a straight outline. A small portion of the flesh and skin was then cut away, the edges sewn up together, and the surgeon announced that the work was completed—all but the removal by electricity of the scar a few weeks later.

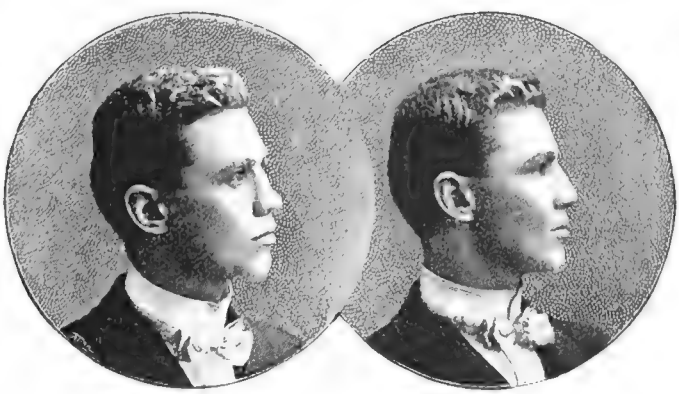
Removing a mole by electricity.

It was upon the same principle that the ultra prominent cheeks of the Indian lawyer had been reduced some time before.

Next I was a witness of the exact reverse nose operation—that of building up a nose with a sunken bridge. This feat proved much more difficult and complicated. The patient was a woman. Having placed her under the influence of anæsthetics and opened her nose in the same fashion as I had seen the surgeon treat Lindstrom's nose, the surgeon, instead of sawing away a good deal of bone as he did in that operation, simply pared off the outer surface of the bone. He then placed upon the bared surface a piece of bone from the body of a rabbit especially killed for this purpose a few hours before. The patient's nose had been already carefully measured, so that when she arrived for the actual operation that afternoon the rabbit bone had already been shaped to the proper size and curve.

Some substance was placed on the bones to cement them together, and then several pieces of flesh and skin were cut from the patient's thigh—with her previous consent, of course—and carefully grafted over the new bone. All the edges were then sewn up, and the operation pronounced complete. I have since seen a letter from the woman in which she praises the work of the surgeon in the highest terms, and begs him to accept for himself a cheque for a neat little sum.

The persons who patronise the beauty factories do not belong to any one particular class of society, although the number of evidently wealthy patients is several times larger than the number belonging to the working-classes. I learned the names—on promise not to publish them—of more than one member of a socially prominent American family, who have had bow-legs and knock-knees made straight in order that they might look better in their golf stockings.



Before. After.

The evolution of a nose.

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A City Man.

By Alfred Hurry.

There was a vacancy for a shorthand and typewriting clerk in the office of Boulger and Co., tea-brokers. An advertisement had been inserted in the *Daily Express*, and between four and five hundred applications had already been received; fresh batches were still dropping in.

Mr. Biggs, the manager, winnowed out the likely letters, and put them before the "governor"; the rest he dropped on the floor, and Robert the office boy gathered up twelve wastepaper-basketfuls thereof, and filled the great dust-bin on the ground floor where was shot every day the rubbish of five hundred offices.

"Only twenty starters for this event," he said, returning to the clerks' office. That office was strongly interested in racing, and it was understood that "Biggsey" had kept the letters of only twenty applicants.

They came in answer to terse letters two or three mornings later, and coughed nervously on chairs along the wall in the clerks' office, till one by one they had been called into the "governor's" room and put through their paces.

They were all lads under twenty, and most of them were little more than schoolboys—the advertisement had said, "Lad fresh from school preferred." They coughed nervously, and glanced with awe at the clerks on the other side of the counter. Occasionally one candidate would venture a subdued remark to the rival next to him, but mostly they were silent. Robert regarded them patronisingly from his stool, as from a watch-tower. Every now and then the governor's bell rang, and the boy, rushing in, would return, and desire Mr. So-and-So to "Step this way."

At length all save one had been interviewed, and he sat alone forlornly. He was a slight, dark lad, evidently very fresh from school. Perhaps the long waiting had intensified his nervousness, for when at length his turn came, and Robert desired him, with a distant suggestion of a popular comedian, to "Walk this way," his knees smote together visibly and almost audibly. He could hardly be said to walk; it was more an invertebrate totter. The penetrating glance of Mr. Boulger, who was a bald, business man of fifty, increased his confusion.

"Sit down, Mr. Rayment," said the "governor."

The chair whereon his nineteen predecessors had sat danced spectrally before Mr. Rayment's eyes, but he managed to capture it and sit on it without disaster. To let him recover, Mr. Boulger perused the candidate's letter of application, and glanced afresh at the schoolmaster's testimonial.

"Well, Mr. Rayment; I see you write shorthand a hundred words a minute, and type fifty. In that case I don't know that I should require your shorthand. I don't dictate my letters very rapidly, so you could

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probably take them down on the typewriter as I speak."

"Yes," said Mr. Rayment, sadly.

Mr. Biggs' iron-grey eyebrows went up. But perhaps the fact that Mr. Rayment had not been in the City before explained the breach of etiquette.

"Yes, *Sir*," he corrected, not unkindly. He was a City man of the old school, very prim and precise, and cabmen had been known to acknowledge receipt of the exact fare from Bayswater to Eastcheap by shouting "Collars" after him as he disappeared into the building.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rayment, blushing with shame.

"Very well. Sit down there, and take this letter down which I will dictate."

Mr. Rayment sat down at the little typewriter table, which had been moved in from the clerks' office that morning for trials of speed. He seemed to feel more at home when he faced the keyboard. He adjusted the notepaper deftly, rapped out the date in a trice, and waited with uplifted forefinger.

In measured tones, and in somewhat Micawberian phrase, Mr. Boulger acknowledged "your esteemed favour of yesterday's date," repeated its purport, much as if he were answering a formal invitation, and in reply thereto "begged to state."

R-r-r-r went the typewriter. As Mr. Boulger had said, he was not a rapid speaker; he probably averaged thirty words a minute, even over stereotyped phrases. At every frequent pause Mr. Rayment's fleet forefinger paused too. This candidate at least had used no poetical license in stating his speed per minute. It was a fairly long letter—Mr. Boulger, though he did not look it, had a prodigal imagination, and could rival any lady novelist in writing at length about nothing. He concluded with the words "Yours very faithfully," which phrase, bald and stereotyped, when you see it written down, became an imposing peroration when Mr. Boulger spoke it. Before the last syllable was well out of the dictator's mouth, the letter was out of the machine.

"Hum," said Mr. Boulger, rather suspiciously. "Let me look at it."

One of the other candidates had written at this record rate, but he had sacrificed accuracy to speed, and had put not more than five wrong letters in each line; except in the last, when, getting into his stride, he had introduced seven.

He sat alone forlornly.

To Mr. Boulger's relief, there were no mistakes at all in Mr. Rayment's letter; and it was properly punctuated, a feature about which Mr. Boulger was *very* particular.

"Ve-ry good, ve-ry good. You may consider yourself engaged. With reference to the question of remuneration. Your salary will be sixty pounds per annum, rising (contingent upon your good conduct) by annual increments. You will come at 9.30 on Monday morning and Mr. Biggs will instruct you in your duties.

"I may say," proceeded Mr. Boulger more humanly, "that I am partly influenced in my decision by the circumstance that I am an Old Tanner myself."

Mr. Boulger did not mean that in a former period of his business career he had been connected with the tanning industry. He meant that at the excellent school of the Worshipful Company of Tanners he had imbibed that sound commercial education, which, combined with the punctuality of a clock synchronised by electric current hourly from Greenwich, had spelt success in the tea trade.

Among all Old Tanners there is a sort

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of freemasonry, which partly levels distinctions of position and age. This holds good even in the cast-iron City, where there are many Old Tanners. A "governor" has been known to shake hands with an office boy on discovering they were both Old Tanners.

Mr. Rayment should have been encouraged by his future employer's declaring himself a brother, as it were—the motto of the Tanners' Company is "Be as brethren." Instead, his nervousness seemed, if anything, to increase. He looked quite ill.

"Dr. Robotham's testimonial is very satisfactory, and if you work as well in my office as you appear to have done at school, I shall not regret having engaged you. Good-day."

Mr. Boulger held out a fleshy hand in which there was more kindliness than in many a spirituelle one. The eulogised of Dr. Robotham took it timidly. Mr. Rayment's hand was rather a young lady-like member. He had apparently spent more time at typewriting than cricket. He suffered a shake limply, and then sidled out of the room.

"Hem," said Mr. Boulger, "he is certainly an excellent typist, and Robotham's testimonial is most glowing, but—why, the fellow could not have been more nervous if he had something on his conscience."

This really should have been a recommendation. It is not every harum-scarum junior clerk that has a conscience. Mr. Boulger, however, did not believe in daring innovations. He adjusted his collar suspiciously, and resumed his work.

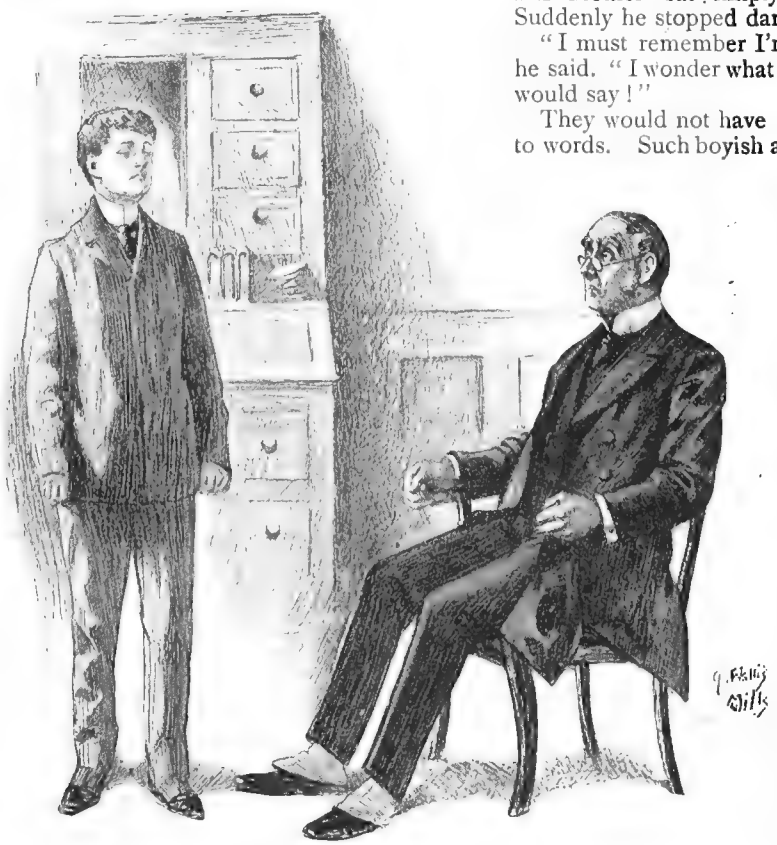
Meanwhile Mr. Rayment returned to the bosom of his family. Elation at his success seemed to be struggling with "funk"—that is the most appropriate word. He burst into the little, clean-curtained parlour at Kilburn, where a feeble, faded lady in deep mourning greeted the adventurer as if he had returned from a battlefield instead of the peaceful City. The lad threw his arms round her neck, and hugged her.

"I've got the place, mother; I've got the place. Hooray!"

He danced about the room rapturously. His mother sat limply in the arm-chair. Suddenly he stopped dancing.

"I must remember I'm a City man now," he said. "I wonder what my future colleagues would say!"

They would not have confined themselves to words. Such boyish abandon in the office of Boulger and Co. would have incited the clerks to throw wastepaper baskets and blotting pads at the head of the abandoned one. Even Robert, who was no respecter of persons, would have expressed his disgust in vigorous Cockneyese.



Mr. Biggs' iron-grey eyebrows went up.

On the following Monday Mr. Rayment was instructed in his duties by the manager; and subsequently in a variety of matters that were not his duties by the clerks. They received him with effusion, and, having won his confidence, played practical jokes on

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him. As a crowning joke they induced him —in order, they said, to test his possibilities as a "taster"—to drink tea adulterated with nauseous drugs. He bore his initiation patiently, occasionally turning the tables with a sudden sarcasm, and they gave him to understand that he was free of the tea trade.

He told his mother that "it was not so bad as might have been expected." It might have been better still, if he had made friends with the other clerks, and joined in the amusements wherewith they relieved the dulness of office routine. They told him that a clerk's life in the tea trade was rather worse than that of the average galley slave; but they did not seem to find it so, the juniors especially. Each youngster put in a fair amount of work between 9.30 a.m. and 6 p.m., but he managed to put in a good share of play, too. Mr. Biggs, the manager, was deaf and shortsighted, and the fun would wax fast and furious till he would descend from his desk and threaten to have the whole office "sacked." Then he would take snuff and go back to his desk, and in a few minutes the noise would be worse than ever. Only Mr. Rayment would steadily clack his typewriter, without ever raising his eyes or his voice.

The clerks, though they did not dislike him otherwise, objected to his quietness. They exhorted him, however, to "buck up," and pelted him with tea samples, as with confetti, but without effect. He took no interest in music-halls, and received with equal lack of enthusiasm the offer of a "cert." for the Leger and of an introduction to the barmaid at the "Alderman and Turtle."

Mr. Boulger took an interest in him as an Old Tanner, and chatted with him when he brought his typewriter into the private room. The lad admitted that it was a fine morning, and then retired into his shell, till Mr. Boulger, rather disgusted, gave him up.

"That young Rayment is an extraordinary lad," he said to Mr. Biggs. "He does his work well, but there's something about him I can't understand. What's your opinion of the lad?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Biggs, "I don't understand him either, sir. He does his work well, as you say—too well, if you understand me, Mr. Charles. He's—well, he's too well-behaved. He's all that a model young man should be—and it's my belief that he'll never make a City man."

"He's not like you and me when we were his age, eh, Biggs?"

The prim "governor" and the trusted manager chuckled in harmony. The clerks would have gasped had they seen. Biggs, however, had been a junior clerk in the office when Boulger, then young Mr. Charles, had entered it fresh from school, and they had often spent a night in Bow Street together. They agreed that young men *were* young men in those days, and that Mr. Rayment was not built for the City.

Two or three days later Mr. Boulger made a final attempt to thaw him.

"Shall I see you at the Old Tanners' dinner, on Thursday evening?" he said genially. "The Doctor writes me that they expect a large gathering this year. You'll see some old friends."

Instead of expressing delight at the prospect Mr. Rayment turned deadly pale. He sat silent for a moment, and then gasped something about his mother not liking him to leave her of an evening. He took down the letters and then escaped into the outer office.

"H'm," said Mr. Boulger, "filial piety is an excellent thing, but this young man seems to me to carry it to the verge of fanaticism. He didn't seem to like the idea of meeting his old friends. That's peculiar."

The more Mr. Boulger thought of it, the more peculiar it appeared. On Thursday morning he interrupted himself in a letter, and said suddenly:

"By the way, Rayment, as you're not coming to-night, shall I remember you to the doctor? He's always glad to hear of an old pupil."

The lad was speechless for a moment; then he burst forth excitedly—

"Please don't, sir. *Please* don't say a word to Dr. Robotham about me."

Mr. Boulger did not seem so surprised at this outburst as might have been expected. All he said was:

"How far had I got in the letter?"

Fortunately he remembered, for the miserable clerk was inarticulate. He remained so for the rest of the day, and but that a cricket match was on, and the office fully occupied in slipping out every few minutes to cheer the scores exhibited at a neighbouring shop, they would certainly have cheered Mr. Rayment—with more samples.

Next morning the bolt fell.

"The governor wants to see you, Mr. Rayment," said Robert. "He don't seem in a very good temper this morning. What-ho!"

Mr. Rayment tottered into the private room. Mr. Boulger gazed at him from

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beneath his eyebrows for an awful moment, and then said:

"Your game is played out, my young friend. Fortunately I disregarded your request not to mention your name—or rather the name of Harry Rayment—to Dr. Robotham last evening, and he informed me that Harry Rayment died six months ago. You have obtained a situation in my office under a false name, and by using another person's testimonial . . . Faugh, you young hypocrite, it would have a better effect on me if you showed yourself a man at last, and brazened it out."

Mr. Rayment had produced his handkerchief, and, having preluded with a few artistic chokes, was executing heart-rending sobs.

Mr. Boulger eyed him with disgust.

"Now there is only one thing that will prevent me from prosecuting. You say that you have a widowed mother and that you are her only support. If I find that that is true, you can go—directly you have given up the Harry Rayment testimonial, and explained how you came in possession of it. If the widowed mother is a fiction, I shall send for a policeman. While Mr. Biggs goes to Kilburn you will remain in this cupboard. I don't know whether you're anything of a Jack Sheppard, but if you try to kick the door down I shall send for a policeman without waiting for Mr. Biggs."

Mr. Boulger opened a large cupboard, and invited "Mr. Rayment" to enter. At sight of its cavernous darkness the culprit's knees smote together.

"I won't go in there," he said hysterically. "Oh, how brutal you are. You—oh, you ought to be ashamed."

"I ought, certainly," admitted Mr. Boulger, "at having been taken in by you. Come, get inside."

"I won't. Don't you *dare* to touch me. Oh, if I were only a man ——"

She stamped her foot, and her eyes blazed with feminine wrath. Mr. Boulger dropped into his chair as if he had been shot.

"Good heavens," he said after five minutes' petrifaction. "I never dreamt of this. I'm astounded—absolutely astounded. There, there, don't cry, my dear. Sit down and tell me all about it."

She sat down as close to the desk as possible. Boulger waited for her to recover. Never in the whole course of his experience had he heard of such a thing—a girl coming into a City office—his office, too, above all others—and working like a man. It—why, it was not business! She recovered her tongue first.

"I'm his s-sister," she said, with a sob. "He d-died, and there was only mamma and me, and all our money was gone. They said they paid girls such a little in the City, even if they worked as well as men. I r-read in the paper that a girl had gone to sea as a sailor, and that girls had been known to dress up as men without being found out, and I thought I'd d-do the same. I didn't think there'd be any harm in using Harry's testimonial. I'm sure I've worked as well as it said I should. I suppose I shall have to find another place now. Oh, dear, I don't think my hair will ever grow again like it used to be."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Boulger at length, "I'm afraid it wouldn't do for you to stay like this; and it would never do for you to stay as Miss Rayment, when the clerks have known you as Mr. Rayment. My brother, who is on the Stock Exchange, however, requires a lady typist, and he'll pay a good one—as you undoubtedly are—a liberal salary. I shall have to tell him all about you, of course, but he has daughters of his own, so you needn't mind that. Good-bye for the present, Miss Rayment. You'll be all right in my brother's office, but if ever you require a testimonial I shall be only too pleased to give you one as good as Dr. Robotham's."

He shook hands with her, and then turned to look at the almanac. By the time he had ascertained the date "Mr. Rayment" had slipped out.

"Ha, Biggs," he said, when the manager chanced in half an hour later. "I've a word to say to you."

Biggs was all attention.

"You know, Biggs—you *must* know, my very strong objection to women in business?"

Biggs admitted that he had heard his employer proclaim this objection on more than one occasion, and looked rather puzzled.

"Well, then, Biggs, what do you mean by putting a young woman on your list of applicants for the typist's work? I say, Biggs, what the deuce do you mean by it?"

Mr. Biggs's jaw dropped. Had Mr. Charles been tasting something stronger than tea? Then he smote his thigh.

"I thought it all along, Mr. Charles," he stuttered. "I thought it when I discovered him eating chocolates after lunch the other day. Don't you remember me telling you he'd never make a City man? Oh, there's no getting over me, Mr. Charles. I may be old, but I ain't so shortsighted as they think

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Yes, Jerry Biggs knows a thing or two, even if they do call him 'Old Biggsey!'"

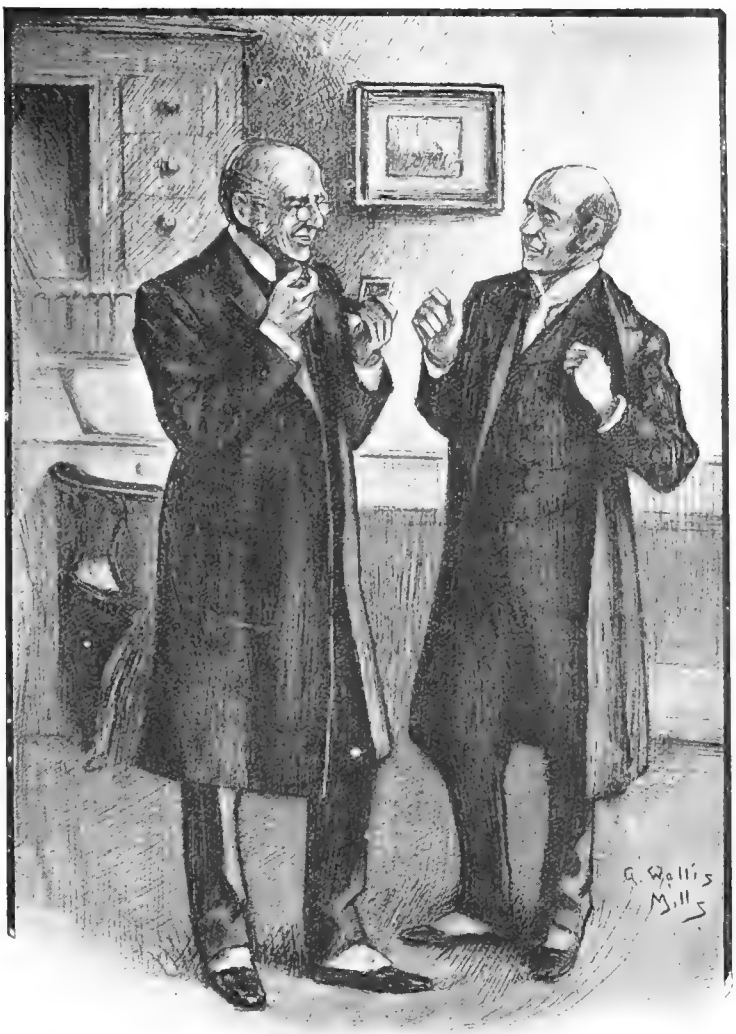
They both took snuff furiously, and then Boulger laughed, and Biggs chuckled, till they had to stop lest the clerks should hear.

When Mr. Boulger told his brother "Mr." Rayment's story, that worthy, who, by the way, possessed the tea-broker's kindness of heart and an even stronger sense of humour, fell back in his chair with a shout of laughter. And even before Mr. Boulger asked him whether there was a vacancy in his office for a type-writing clerk, he said:

"I must have that girl, William. There's not a proper vacancy at present, but I dare-say we'll find enough to do to keep her employed."

And old Boulger trotted back to his office and told Jerry Biggs of the success of his mission.

* * *



They both took snuff furiously, and then Boulger laughed, and Biggs chuckled.

"Mr." Rayment is very comfortable in her new office. She is prettier as a girl than she was as a boy, and is much more popular with the clerks than *he* was at Boulger and Co.'s. Instead of samples, they beguile her with flowers and French confectionery.

Indeed, one of the clerks has lately taken to going home to Balham by way of Kilburn, and as he and "Mr." Rayment leave the office at the same time, they go together. Thomas Harley, as the young man's name is, is the younger Boulger's chief assistant, a confidential clerk, and in receipt of a salary such as only rich stockbrokers can afford to pay their employees. How he came to hear of "Mr." Rayment's escapade at the tea-broker's nobody will ever know, but hear of it he did, and it was ever since the story came to his ears that "Mr." Rayment found favour in the eyes of Thomas Harley. "Mr." Rayment's mamma, however, is aware of these carryings on. Indeed, she has lately filled her daughter's friend with bliss by inviting him, through the medium of "Mr." Rayment, to tea on the following Sunday. From all of which circumstances it may be inferred that, though "Mr." Rayment will never be a City man, she will probably in the near future be the better half of one.

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THE KING OF HANDCUFFS

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by Frank Foulsham.

"Get out of these handcuffs and leg-irons, and I'll think I'm walking in my sleep."

Thus spake Mr. Laurence P. Collermann, Chief of the Chicago Detective Bureau.

A very young man had strolled into the Bureau, and, having requested and obtained an interview with the Chief, announced that he was capable of getting free from any "jail jewellery" on the premises. More than that, he was confident enough to assert his willingness to part with five hundred dollars to any charity selected by Mr. Collermann if he failed to accomplish that which he undertook to do.

The American detective chief is by no means so superior a person as his English prototype, and Mr. Collermann had no hesitation in obliging the very young man who was eager to help the charities of Chicago in so substantial a manner. Therefore, he called a dozen of his subordinates into the office, and, with a smile on his face, related the desires of the visitor. The "sleuths" joined their chief in the smiling performance, and promptly produced a selection of "darbies" and leg manacles which had braved many an attempt of Chicago's criminals to get rid of.

A pair of the very latest pattern of cuffs were placed on the willing wrists of the visitor, who, like a certain well-known Dickens' character, demanded more. The officers obliged him to the extent of two pairs of handcuffs and a pair of leg-irons, double-locked, and so connected that the manacled one was doubled in a crouching position.

"Get out of these handcuffs and leg-irons and I'll think I'm walking in my

With hands securely fastened together by several pairs of handcuffs, Houdini easily frees himself in a few moments. Even when his feet are also manacled he escapes with equal facility.

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sleep. The cuffs are the most ingenious ever constructed, and the prisoner they will not hold cannot be kept in custody."

Five minutes afterwards the Chief of the Chicago Detective Bureau admitted himself to be an astounded man, and signed a statement to that effect; for the reckless philanthropist had not only succeeded in getting out of the handcuffs and leg-irons within that time, but had unlocked each of the manacles and returned them to the amazed staff exactly as they were before they had adorned his wrists and legs—unharmed, and as useful as ever.

That was when Houdini came to Chicago.

And the King of Handcuffs has succeeded in amazing the London public just as strongly as he amazed the Chicago detective staff, accustomed to every dodge of the "crook" in manacle manipulation.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Dundas Slater, manager of the Alhambra Theatre, and that of his lieutenant, Mr. Pickering, the editor of THE ROYAL is enabled to present to his readers a series of photographs of the remarkable mystifier who defies the ingenuity of any modern contrivance in "jail jewellery" to keep him secure. Those who have witnessed Houdini's performances must echo the exclamation of Superintendent Melville, of Scotland Yard:

"Absolutely a miracle!"

And, indeed, it does sometimes seem that Houdini is privileged to call in supernatural assistance to help him to mystify the public. How else is one to account for the fact that he is able to remove two, three, four, and five pairs of handcuffs from his wrists, the manacles used being those employed by the Scotland Yard staff, and snapped upon his arms by experts in the art of securing dangerous criminals.

His wrists being locked to irons binding his ankles

This is one of Houdini's marvellous feats. No matter how securely he is trussed up, or how cunningly he may be entangled in a mesh of ropes, he can free himself without difficulty.

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forms no obstacle to Houdini; let the left arm be manacled in front to his left leg, a chain running from his wrist to a locked ring encircling his neck, another descending to the small of his back securing the right wrist, which is in turn secured to the back of his right ankle, each chain taut and each iron locked—Houdini can unlock the handcuffs, the neck ring, the ankle irons, and be free in ten minutes!

I really do not blame the sceptic who, in San Francisco, wrote an article in a prominent paper "exposing" Houdini. The Didymusian scribe declared that it was by means of ingeniously secreted keys, manipulated while grasped in the teeth, that the "King of Handcuffs" secured his liberty. Now, I must say that this seems the only reasonable explanation of such feats, especially when one is satisfied that the age of miracles is past. But Houdini met the charge in a novel way. He evidently wished to prove the naked truth. He volunteered to give his performance while stripped entirely naked! And he did.

I have seen a document signed by the Chief of the Police Bureau, of San Francisco, and by twenty detective officers, bearing unquestionable testimony to the following facts:—On the 13th of July, 1899, in the presence of no less than two hundred members of the San Francisco police and detective staff, Houdini was reduced to that state of native simplicity enjoyed by him upon his original introduction to this vale of tears. He was then thoroughly searched and examined by the medical officer attached to the police depôt, to make sure that no key, wire, or other means for tampering with the locks were secreted upon him. His mouth was sealed with adhesive plaster that could not be removed without yielding proof thereof. He was then shackled by several of the most experienced detectives with ten different pairs of their own handcuffs and leg-irons, drawn together so that he seemed absolutely helpless, crouching on the floor. This done, he was carried to a small empty ante-room or closet, in which it is certain he had never been before, and left alone.

The shackling of his limbs by the detectives occupied eight minutes six seconds. In nine minutes precisely he had completely escaped from all the manacles, and with every one of them unlocked, not forced, he re-entered the presence of his 200 critics, who, needless to say, were utterly dumbfounded.

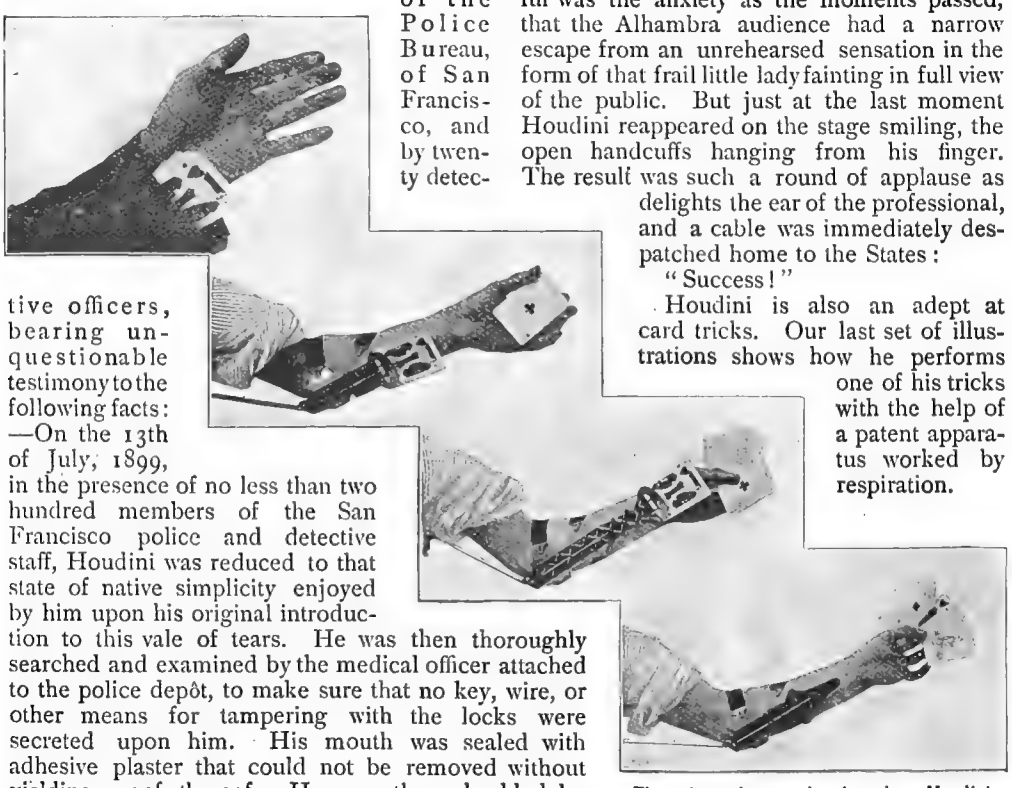
What are we to think of a man like that?

On his first public appearance in London recently, Houdini was locked up in three pairs of handcuffs, with his arms crossed, by a well-known handcuff expert.

I happen to know that the job of getting off those bracelets proved one of the toughest ever undertaken by the "Handcuff King." It was his first night in England, and, a stranger in a strange land, Houdini was very nervous. So was his wife, the pretty young lady who assists him in the wonderful box illusion forming part of the entertainment. So fearful was the anxiety as the moments passed, that the Alhambra audience had a narrow escape from an unrehearsed sensation in the form of that frail little lady fainting in full view of the public. But just at the last moment Houdini reappeared on the stage smiling, the open handcuffs hanging from his finger. The result was such a round of applause as delights the ear of the professional, and a cable was immediately despatched home to the States:

"Success!"

Houdini is also an adept at card tricks. Our last set of illustrations shows how he performs one of his tricks with the help of a patent apparatus worked by respiration.



These four photographs show how Houdini performs a wonderful card trick. A patent extender concealed up his sleeve works by the simple process of breathing, and gives him a card without observation.

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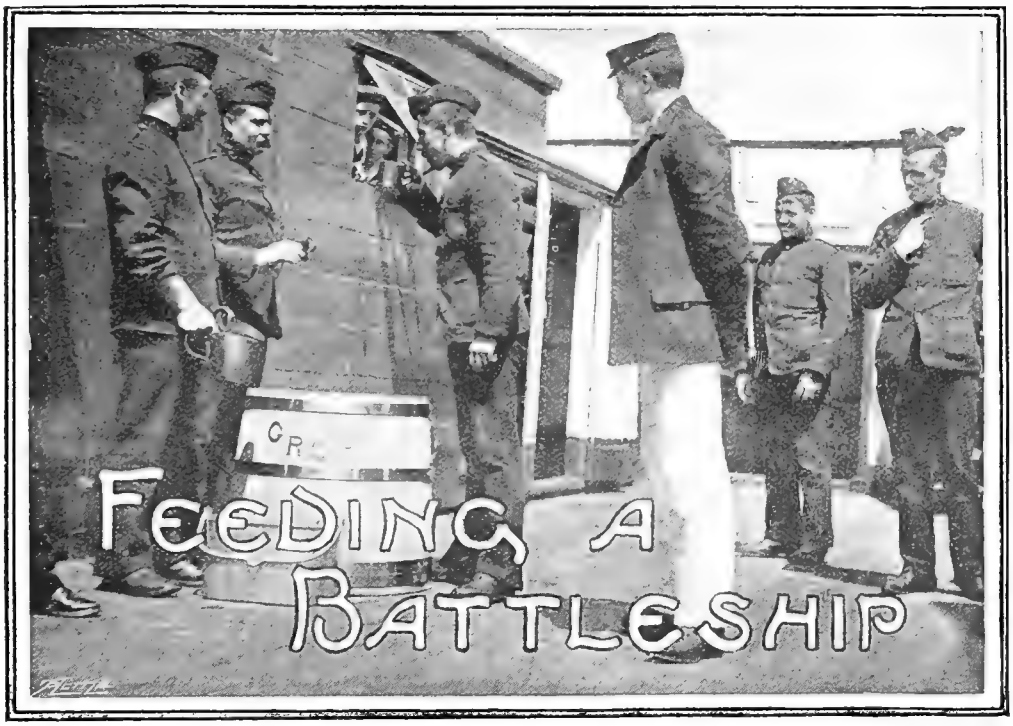

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

FEEDING A BATTLESHIP

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the Fourth of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

The Board of Admiralty have so planned the *menu* for the men of Her Majesty's fleet that the total cost to the country of the daily provisions of each bluejacket does not exceed 10*d.* a day. Consequently, the feeding of a battleship like the *Majestic*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron, with its 700 lower deck men, requires only about £30 a day, or just under £11,000 for a whole year's food bill. According to official figures a seaman costs about £15 a year for all his food. From this it will be not inaccurately assumed that in the matter of food the men of our first line of defence are not pampered. In the current year's Estimates £636,000 are set aside for the provisioning of the fleet.

But the feeding of these men is not priced so simply as this statement might lead one to expect. The Admiralty's dietary scale, often praised by those who know nothing about the matter, is so curiously framed that from sheer necessity the authorities have been compelled to sanction the men receiving monetary allowances for food they prefer not to have, but this rebate must not exceed one-third of the regulation rations. The official scale of food is quite out of date, and consequently the men vary it, with the consent of the authorities, by refraining from "taking up" certain portions of their provisions and receiving money instead. In this way the paymasters of the Navy hand over to the men considerable sums, which are known as "savings." Last year these amounted to £427,000. It may be remarked by some innocent of the ways of Government Departments, "How just to allow the men the value of the rations they don't eat!" This would be a hasty conclusion, for, as a matter of fact admitted by heads of the Admiralty, the full value of the food or grog, as the case may be, is not given to the men. Even in 1892, when there were only 71,000 officers and men, Lord George Hamilton calculated that on these little "deals" the country made a profit of £45,000 out of its jolly tars. Since then the number of men has been nearly doubled, so that this year these ill-gotten gains will amount to certainly not less than £70,000 or £80,000.

Anyone who would, therefore, know what

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the country pays for feeding the men serving in the squadrons that move over the world's seas, must add to the cost of provisions—£636,000—the money to be paid in "savings" which amounts this year to about £450,000. Thus the total of something over a million sterling is reached.

These few remarks on Jack's food clear the ground, and will make some of the intricacies of the victualling arrangements—"messing" it is called by naval men—better understood. Jack and his master—be the master an admiral, captain, or commander—receive absolutely the same food allowance from the Admiralty, but the officer's rations are handed over to their steward, who receives from each officer of the ward-room usually 2*s.* a day for all meals, and does what he likes with the Admiralty allowance of food. The Admiral makes his own arrangements, as does the captain, both officers being provided with special staffs of servants.

Jack and Joe (for bluejackets and marines) piping the crew to dinner.

The feeding of a battleship is a very complicated matter. Firstly, the captain—always an officer of long service and distinction—has his meals alone; secondly, there is a mess for other officers in the wardroom, where all of not lower rank than the lieutenants of the

Photos by Stephen Cribb

Bluejackets feeding on the mess-deck of a warship.

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military line—such as the surgeons, chaplains, officers of marines, engineers, and paymasters—have their meals; thirdly, comes the gunroom mess, where the sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, cadets, and junior officers take their meals. The fourth mess is that of the warrant officers — glorified bluejackets—the backbone of the service; and, lastly, come the messes for the men, which are also graduated, so that "the kings of the lower deck," the chief petty officers, the stockers, the most skilled naval mechanics, and the ordinary men may not have their meals together.

There is little of interest connected with the feeding of the officers. The captain and his colleagues have their own cooks and attendants, and pay their mess bills monthly. Life in the wardroom and gunroom is particularly happy, and in the latter the proceedings are naturally less decorous than in the apartments where the senior officers have their meals. A story of life in the gunroom runs that in one ship a young officer was serving whose father was a member of the House of Commons, and spoke sometimes on naval matters in a manner that did not please the young lords of the warship. They had no means of obtaining redress from the august M.P., so they decided they would claim it from his son, and the latter consequently suffered corporal punishment every time his parent made a speech to which the young bloods of the gunroom took exception.

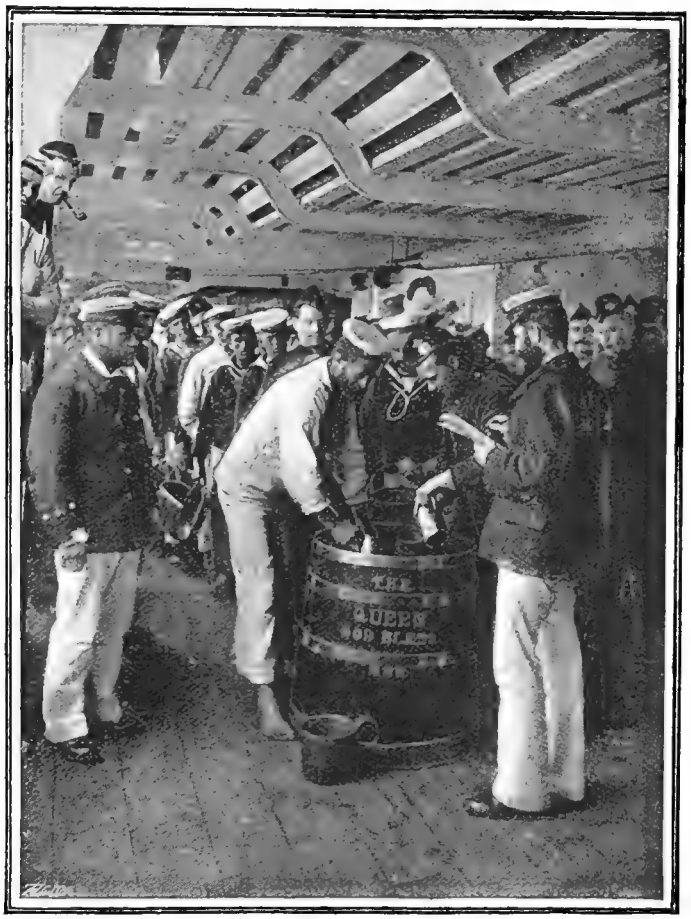

Photo by Reinhold, Thiele & Co

Serving out the grog. Observe the toast on the side of the cask.

Warships, of course, carry cooks — "doctors" they are called—who are trained at the naval cookery school at Portsmouth; and every lower deck mess has also an amateur cook of its own, known as the "cook of the mess," who usually understands as little about cooking as he does about statesmanship. Every member of the mess takes his turn as cook, and the results are sometime as unpalatable as they are surprising. It falls to the lot of this popularly selected cook to get the provisions for his mess from the issuing room where ship's stewards officiate, more or less under the eye of the paymaster. Having obtained the raw material, he sets to work to manufacture a meal, which he takes to the ship's cook to be prepared for the consumption of his mates.

The food of course varies. Very different meals can be provided in harbour to those which are served after a ship has got well away to sea. The official table for a ship in harbour is as follows:—1½lbs. of bread, 1lb. of fresh beef or mutton one day a week when in England, ½lb. of vegetables, 1oz. of chocolate, ¼oz. of tea, 2ozs. of sugar, ⅛ pint of rum.

The rations served at sea vary from day to day, but the issue of chocolate, tea, sugar and rum is, of course, the same as in harbour,

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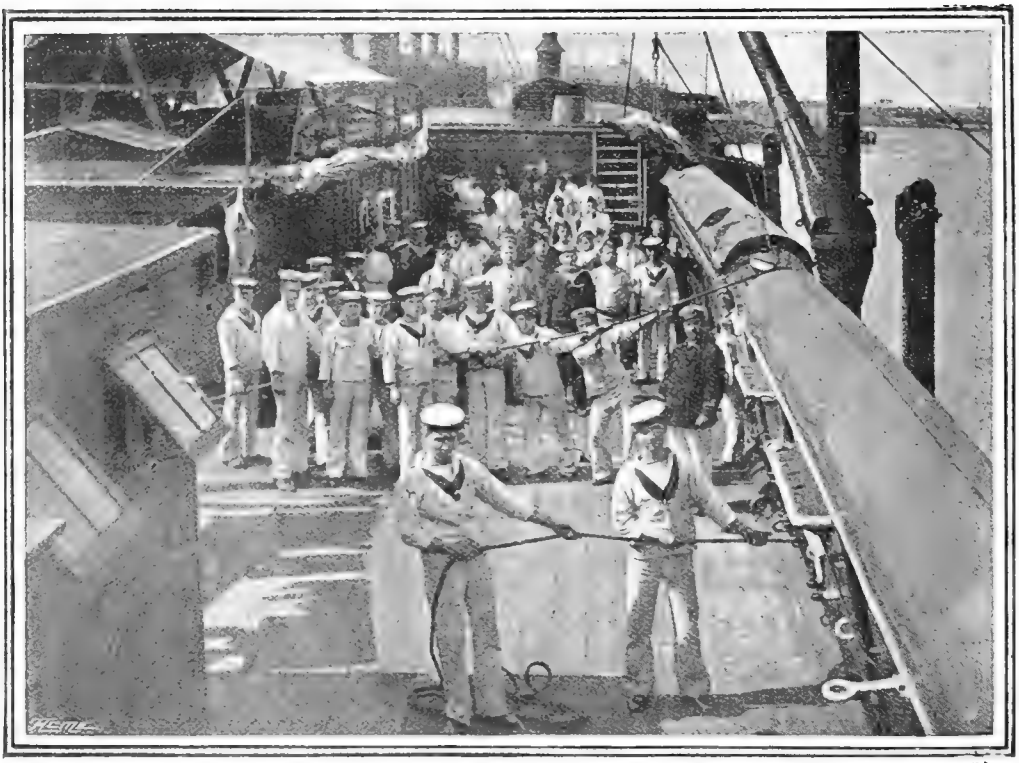

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Taking meat on board.

and is accompanied by 1¼lbs. of biscuits. The chief item for dinner consists of 1lb. of salt pork, with split peas wherewith to make soup, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On the other days of the week a ration consisting of 1lb. of salt beef, with 9ozs. of flour, 1½ozs. of raisins, and ¾oz. of suet alternate with ⅝lb. of "Fanny Adams," otherwise known as preserved beef or mutton, and no material for a pudding. Every alternate day a quarter of a pound of preserved potatoes or rice is served.

The "saving" allowances for this food are not exorbitant. Meat, salt, suet, and potatoes are held to be worth 4d. per lb., "Fanny Adams" and chocolate 5d., raisins and sugar 2d., flour 1½d., and tea 1s. These daily rations are supplemented by the weekly issue of 3ozs. of oatmeal, and small quantities of mustard, pepper, salt and vinegar. The issue of salt is quite a new departure and Jack had his eye on several articles of diet he would have liked better. Suddenly, however, after saltless centuries in the Navy, the authorities decided that salt was necessary, and Jack had to have it. This little reform means that 400,000 or 500,000 pounds of salt have to be bought by the Admiralty every year for the Navy.

The bluejacket is supposed so to husband his resources that he shall have enough and to spare for each of the three meals which are officially presumed to meet all his bodily needs. He is an early riser, and at once sets to work on deck, but it is not usually until 6.30 in the morning that he has his breakfast of a pint of milkless cocoa and dry bread or biscuit. At noon, or thereabouts, his dinner, as indicated above, is served to him, and at four o'clock he eats his "supper" of plain fare—a pint of tea, usually well stewed in the copper in which the dinner has been prepared—and whatever is left of his allowance of bread or biscuit. Imagine such fare sufficing for a healthy man, who has his supper served to him earlier than a child of three when, in the summer months, the sun is still high in the heavens. After "supper" he is supposed to toddle off to his trying night duties, contented to wait from 4.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m., fourteen hours or so, before he can have anything more to eat.

It stands to reason that such a table of meal hours is not adhered to, and a few

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hours after their early morning "snack," usually about nine o'clock, the men utilise a short rest—"stand easy"—for their real breakfast; and again at night, about 7.30, after hammocks are piped down, there is an opportunity to have a real supper. For these two unofficial meals Jack has to pay out of his own pocket. Some captains, when very hard work has to be done at night, order an extra half pint of cocoa to be served, but the Admiralty do not encourage such generosity, and always ask the reason why. Only by means of these unofficial meals is a sailor saved from semi-starvation.

His extra provisions he obtains from the canteen, a kind of general shop such as every village boasts, which is managed by a committee of men, with an officer to see that it is properly conducted. As a rule it is the cause of much dissatisfaction, for the prices are almost invariably high, and the profits seem to disappear into thin air. On board some ships the whole canteen is run by a trader—bumboatman—who, from the excellent profits he is able to make from the men, often presents paint and varnish to the chief executive officer to enable him to keep the ship smart, but that is a story for another article.

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The Captain's dinner.

The canteen of a warship is quite a big business, which is managed on most stations by men chosen by the crew, but on the Mediterranean Station is in the hands of Maltese traders, who grow fat on poor Jack's necessities. When a battleship of the Channel Squadron leaves England, stock, costing as much as £1500 will be taken on board, and will keep the canteen going only three or four months. The main fact is that the unfortunate bluejacket finds the Admiralty's rations so inadequate that he has to supplement them largely from the expensive canteen, and in this way makes considerable inroads into his pay, which is not that of a prince. Tastes differ vastly, but probably the average amount spent by each man to supplement the official allowance of food is not less than 4*d.* or 6*d.* a day. Some men claim that if Jack were as good an accountant as he is a gunner, it would be found that his expenditure out of his privy purse rises as high as 9*d.* a day, when there is a good supply of food to be got—and this in addition to the "savings" which his mess absorbs with frugal regard to the welfare of his inner man.

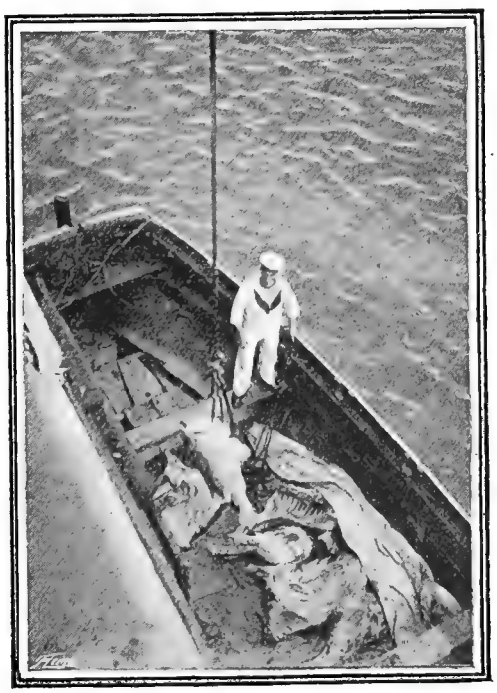

Photo by Stephen Cribb

Meat being hauled on board a warship from a boat alongside.

One of the most important functions of the day on board a warship is the serving out of the grog after dinner. With the spread of temperance principles, largely due to Miss Agnes Weston's energetic campaign against drunkenness—the bluejacket's besetting sin some years ago—this daily event is, however, becoming less prominent, and an increasing number of men do not take up their one-eighth of a pint of spirits, but receive instead a money allowance equal to 1¼*d.* every two days. The majority of the men, however, still value their daily "tot."

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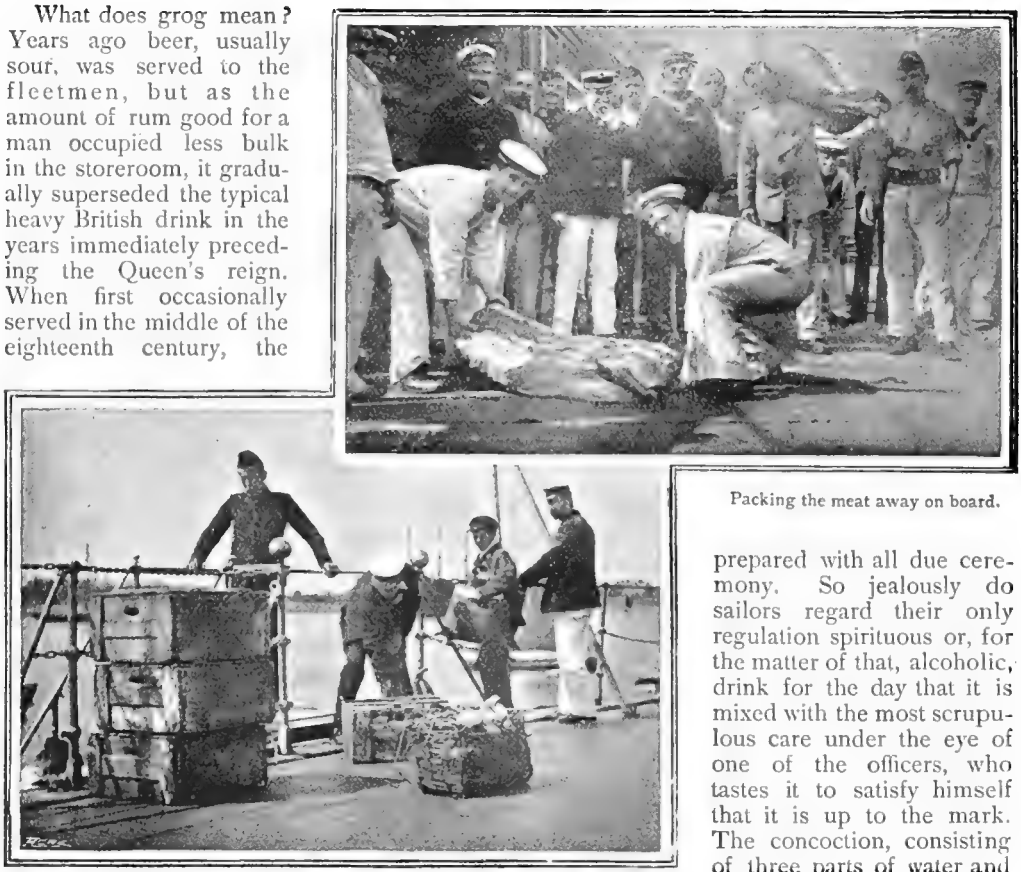

Packing the meat away on board.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

Luxuries for the ward-room mess.

What does grog mean? Years ago beer, usually sour, was served to the fleetmen, but as the amount of rum good for a man occupied less bulk in the storeroom, it gradually superseded the typical heavy British drink in the years immediately preceding the Queen's reign. When first occasionally served in the middle of the eighteenth century, the men had their grog undiluted. Admiral Vernon, a naval officer, famous in his day, which was a hundred and fifty years ago, came to the conclusion that if the rum — half-a-pint wine measure to each man at that time, and drunk half at midday and half at night—were diluted, probably the men would be rendered less sleepy and quarrelsome by their daily "tot," which to this day they playfully call "mutiny." He instituted the reform of mixing water with the rum before giving it out. As the admiral was nicknamed "Old Grog" from the fact that he wore a cloak of grogram, a coarse mixture of silk and mohair, in foul weather, this mixture of rum and water has always been known in the Navy as grog. But the word has passed into the landsman's vocabulary with a much wider interpretation, and is applied on occasions to almost any spirituous drink.

Every day, at or about 12.30, on board all Her Majesty's warships, grog is prepared with all due ceremony. So jealously do sailors regard their only regulation spirituous or, for the matter of that, alcoholic, drink for the day that it is mixed with the most scrupulous care under the eye of one of the officers, who tastes it to satisfy himself that it is up to the mark. The concoction, consisting of three parts of water and one part of rum, in sufficient quantities to ensure every man receiving half-a-pint, is mixed in a large tub, very like a big washing tub, bearing on its side, in letters of brass, the toast which every loyal naval officer and man honours every day of his life: "The Queen, God bless her." As soon as the grog is ready the cooks of the mess flock round the tub and bear off to their comrades as many half-pints as will give each man the regulation mid-day drink, or nearly so. Often, if not usually, after the distribution is over, the cook of the mess finds he has considerably more than half-a-pint left for himself, and he, possibly with a few companions, will make merry. Occasionally this little service custom of rewarding the cook by winking at a slight under-measurement of the half-pints leads to trouble. In fact, naval officers, not themselves teetotallers, will tell you that most of the misdemeanours which causes Jack to make the close acquaintance of the chief executive officer and the captain are due to this daily honouring of the toast of Her Majesty's health. If it

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were not for the fear that some of the men would regard the loss of their daily "tot" of grog with angry, if not mutinous, behaviour, this old custom would probably die to-morrow or the day after. Nineteen years ago the Admiralty had the temerity to interfere with this hoary naval custom. They then ordered that no one under twenty years of age should be served with grog. These youngsters are called by their messmates "Nordenfeldts." At the same time the issue of a ration of spirit to the officers was stopped, a monetary allowance being given instead.

Space will not permit of any description of the manner in which the Admiralty keep pace with the food demands of the Navy. The principal victualling yard is at Deptford, and there are others at Portsmouth and Devonport, where biscuits are baked, bread made, animals killed and prepared for Jack's table, and at these yards everything that is not actually made by the Admiralty is thoroughly tested on delivery by contractors. Haulbowline, near Queenstown, has a victualling depôt, and Gibraltar, Malta, Simonstown, Hong Kong, Sydney, Trincomalee, Esquimalt, Bermuda, and Jamaica supply the wants of ships in far off seas.

No one who has seen a party of bluejackets going on leave, great healthy typical seamen, many of them looking as though in time they would be as broad as they are long—seamen, as a rule, are rather below than above the average height, or at least they look so—would say that they ever lack nourishment. It has been the attempt of the writer in this article to show how it comes about that Jack is still the jolly, sturdy sailor that we love to picture him. The Admiralty provide him with a portion of his rations which he supplements with food bought with his own pay. Everyone who knows these facts agrees that some reform is desirable, and that the grumbles that in recent years have come from the lower deck have good foundation. It has been joyful news to the men of the fleet that, as the result of the action of certain Members of Parliament, the Board of Admiralty are going to investigate the whole question, which is not as simple as might at first sight appear. It will be remembered that the great mutiny at the Nore was due in some degree to the bad food with which the men were supplied. Though the conditions of life at sea have improved immeasurably since that trouble, and Jack would now never think of violent measures, he would be far happier if the authorities gave him a greater variety of provisions, not forgetting those little luxuries which practically every landsman enjoys. They might at least put their official seal to the real supper which the men provide for themselves the last thing at night, even if some better arrangement cannot be made for a recognised breakfast after the early "snack."

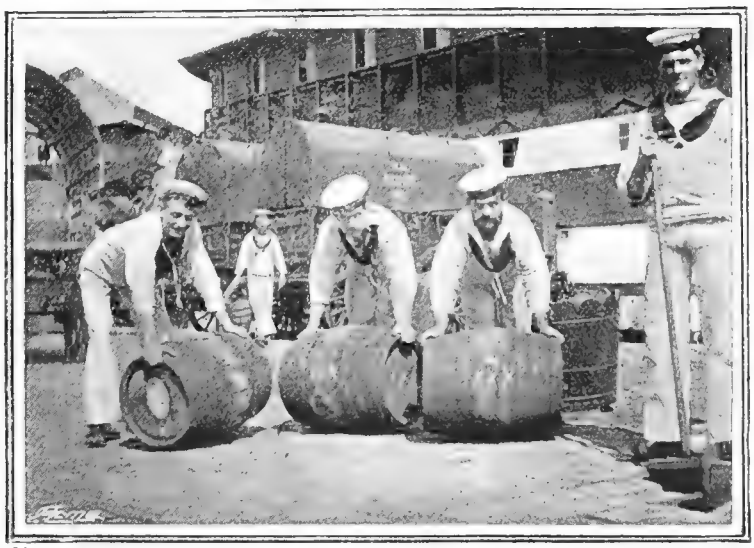

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Jack's beer in a naval depôt. Each man pays twopence per week to a common fund which provides the beer.

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TO IANTHE.

The wind, through summer trees,
Blows kisses warm—
Would I, a lisping breeze,
Might touch thy form.

All waters seek the sea,
To join its might;
And I would haste to thee,
For love's delight.

The dove in budding spring,
Now woos a dove;
And I, too, longing sing:
"Ah! come, my love."

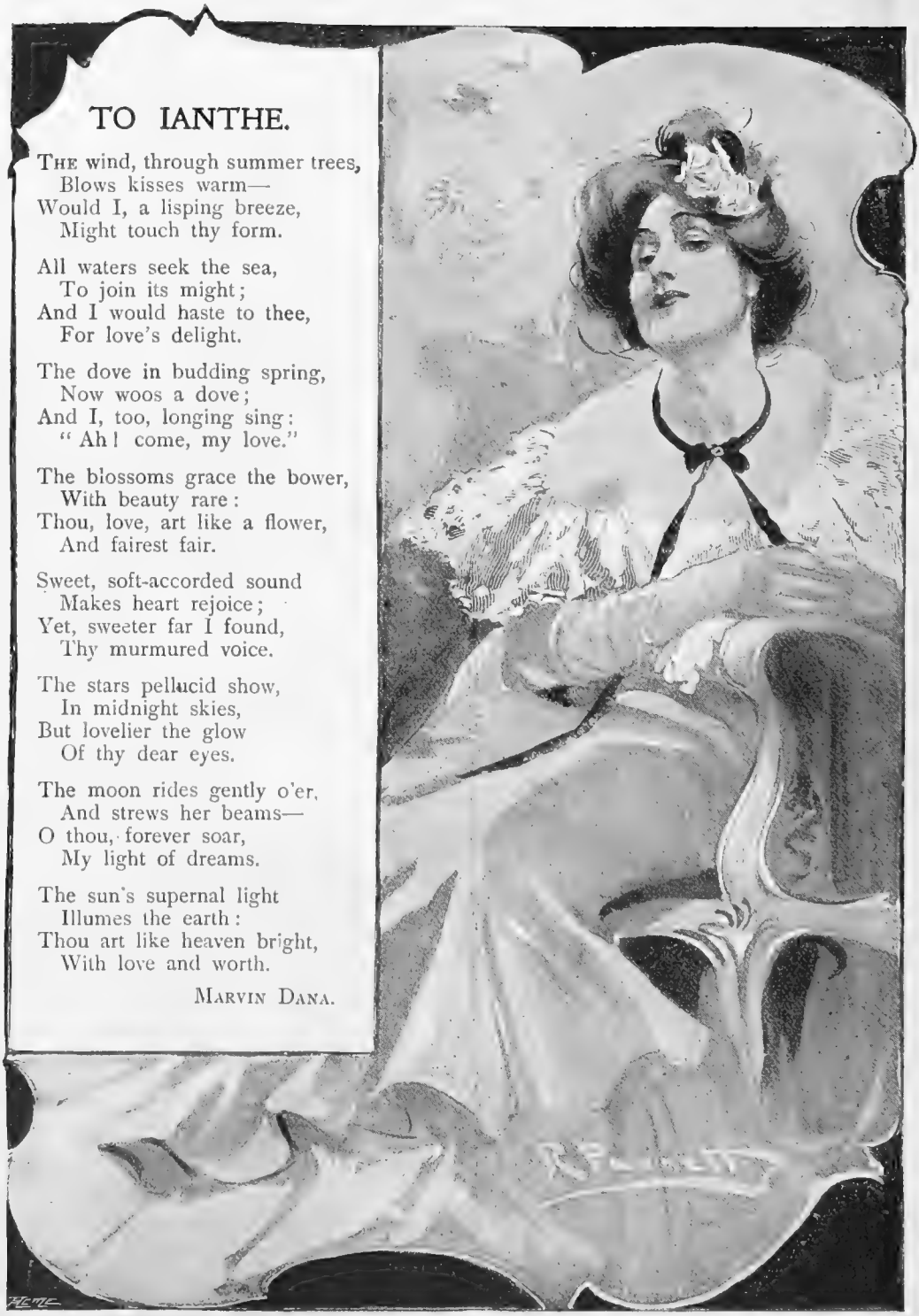
The blossoms grace the bower,
With beauty rare:
Thou, love, art like a flower,
And fairest fair.

Sweet, soft-accorded sound
Makes heart rejoice;
Yet, sweeter far I found,
Thy murmured voice.

The stars pellucid show,
In midnight skies,
But lovelier the glow
Of thy dear eyes.

The moon rides gently o'er,
And strews her beams—
O thou, forever soar,
My light of dreams.

The sun's supernal light
Illumes the earth:
Thou art like heaven bright,
With love and worth.

MARVIN DANA.

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The War on Pictorial Postcards

Oom Paul's trouble at beholding John Bull's war preparations.

By Clive Holland.

Illustrated from Original French and German Postcards.

We have had our "Tommies" of all grades and regiments depicted upon the home manufactured articles, but Boers and Britons as seen through the spectacles of Continental artists will probably prove of far greater interest to the readers of The Royal. They may feel their British blood stirred, they may write to the editor to ask the address of the chief sinner amongst the artists responsible with a view to his condign punishment, but all the same they will be amused; and the older ones amongst them will possibly remember English caricatures which were little or nothing better in the matter of taste, and probably far inferior in that of art and actual drawing.

Both French and German artists are responsible for the cards which serve as illustrations for our article.

The "reflection before a jawbone (skull)" which forms the first of our illustrations, is really clever. Africa is shown with the contour of a skull. The adaptation is very easily made, as can be readily seen by a glance at a map. The idea is not preposterous after all when one remembers the withering blight and butcheries in connection with the slave trade, the horrible fetishism of interior tribes, the Mahdism and the massacres by Dervish hordes of the Soudan. Africa may well be called "the continent of a skull." John Bull's attention, however, in the picture is not occupied by historical reflections on the subject of the past, but by more mercenary anticipations of the time when the Transvaal and its gold and diamond mines (represented on the "skull" map by the two rows of teeth) would become the most priceless and lovely pearls in his Empire.

The second very fitly shows John Bull's war preparations. President Kruger appears on it much troubled in mind by witnessing John's activity in landing troops (they are red-coated and not in khaki, so probably this card was an intelligent anticipation of the war that was bound to come), which are marshalled on the shore, whilst others come in a long line of

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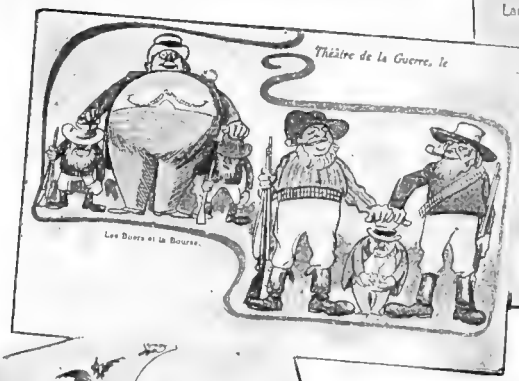
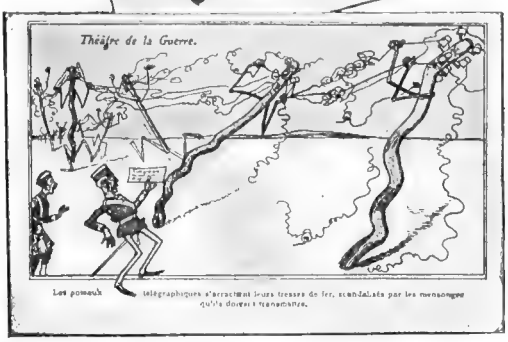
"The Boers and the Bourse"—a postcard for financiers.



The prudish Lady-Smith rejects the offers of General Joubert.

You will understand the joke of this picture by reading about it in the text.


Théâtre de la Guerre.
Les poteaux télégraphiques s'arrachent leurs fresses de fer, scandalisés par les mensonges qu'ils doivent transmettre.

These telegraph posts are supposed to be scandalised by the lies that are transmitted on the wires.

transports reaching to the horizon of that sea into which Uncle Paul in his innocence thought he could drive us. In the original John is given a coat of scarlet hue, in character, no doubt, with his well-known piratical and bloodthirsty tendencies, whilst the "gentle Kruger" stands gazing at John's activity down below, clad in a veldt green, or should we say Irish Legion coat?

Doubtless another of our postcards was inspired by the reiterated statements in the Continental papers that the British were not only being beaten, but were being literally routed on all occasions when they came in touch with the enemy's forces. We still have—in the original—the old-time scarlet coats instead of the universally adopted khaki, and doubtless this particular postcard, as well as others, was in hand before the German artist, Herr Thiele, had learnt that khaki was in existence. The "humour" of the card is further supplied by the inscription accompanying it, which reads "A well-organised English retreat, or a movement to the rear."

"The frightened mules" of one of our cards records an incident of the war, in a not too flattering manner for ourselves. Note the benignant smile on the face of the Boer who has just captured a *rooinek* officer, and the strategic movement to the rear of the whole British force. Also the noble way in which the Boer on the stone in the corner has for once cast off his usual invisibility and come out of cover.

In another illustration the usual type of British soldier, which we have before referred to, appears. And the ever-benevolent and "slim" Boer is handing the startled representative of the British Army therein depicted a very indigestible "pie," presumably in exchange for the "English chocolate." The "pie" probably contains soft-nosed bullets, if one may judge by the sly look on "brother Boer's" benevolent countenance.

The postcard which shows a portrait of President Kruger is so unflattering that its French origin might almost be doubted. Possibly, however, with "Les Norwin's" the idea is the thing, and not the holding up of a friendly power to ridicule.

Lady-Smith and the amiable Joubert afford a comic relief to the war postcards we have given. Happily, Lady-Smith remained

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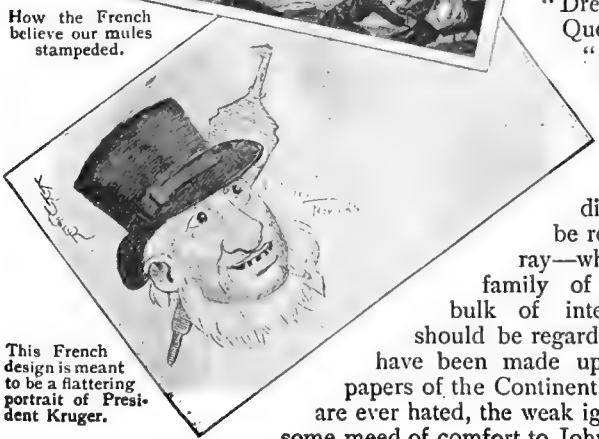
prudish to the last, and the amiable Joubert was unable to make any lasting impression on her. But surely even a Joubert would scarcely have found such a Lady-Smith attractive.

The "Boers and the Bourse" card, which we have reproduced, will be comprehensible to our financial readers. The moral in the artist's mind when drawing the picture seems to have been that when the Bourse is strong and healthy the Boers are puny, and when the Boers are 'up' stocks and shares are down. Perhaps the hint may not be altogether lost on French financiers.

The point of the joke in the case of the "English Carrier Pigeons" postcard is the fact that the "pigeons" are ducks, and the duck in the French tongue the symbol for unfounded rumours. The indignation of the stalwart Boer,

How the French believe our mules stampeded.



This French design is meant to be a flattering portrait of President Kruger.

who is stopping Tommy's little game, provides an element of humour not intended by the German artist, when one considers how Boer victories and British reverses are concocted, and news generally of Boer casualties has been from the start edited for Pretoria consumption.

A well-organised English retreat from a Dutch point of view.

"English chocolate and Boer pies."

The card on which is depicted an affrighted staff officer contemplating a line of telegraph posts suffering from fits, has this explanatory paragraph: "The telegraph posts tearing their iron hair, scandalised at the lies they are made to transmit." Poor posts! Do they lead from Paris, I wonder?

Scores of other cards have, of course, been published, which have been eagerly snapped up by collectors, destined ultimately to form an amusing, if inaccurate and not a little scandalous, pictorial record of the South African campaign. Many of these, such as the horrible "Dream of the Queen of England," "The Queen of England at the Nice Carnival," "The Brave English," and a score or more of others are too indecorous for reproduction. That there must be a market for such things is proved by their production; but their issue and their purchase do not indicate a national opinion. That should be remembered. The coarseness of Gillray—who caricatured the English Royal family of his time—did not represent the bulk of intelligent opinion. In like manner should be regarded the more scurrilous attacks which have been made upon things English by the illustrated papers of the Continent. A great writer has said "the strong are ever hated, the weak ignored." This maxim may well bring some meed of comfort to John Bull in difficulties.

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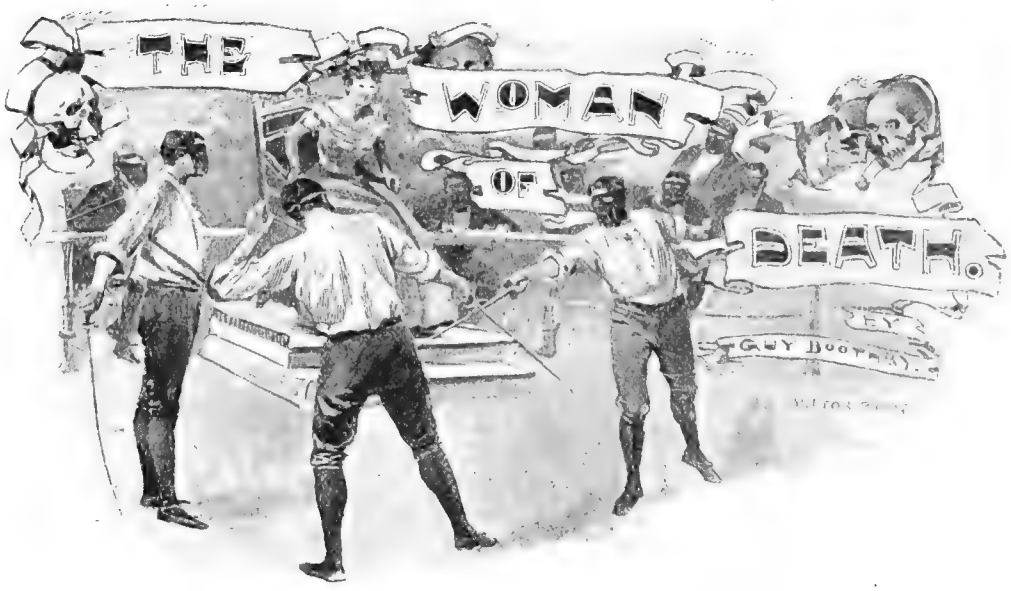

CHAPTER XIII.

As the clock struck midnight, Middlesborough stood in the handsomely furnished room, which was his own private property at the house at St. Germain. He had exchanged the evening dress he had worn when he left Paris, for the uniform of the club, but on this occasion the latter varied, in as much that, in place of a member's coat of solemn black he wore a white cambric shirt, which, with deadly significance, he had found laid out for him upon a chair. As he stood waiting for the summons which was to call him to the arena, he took a locket from about his neck and looked at Cécile's portrait which it contained. He thought of de Tarvenac, and wondered whether he would feel any remorse when, on the morrow, he should hear that his son-in-law was dead, and if he would guess by whose hand he had met his fate. He crossed to the dressing table and regarded his reflection in the glass. So far as he could see he was showing no sign of fear, his face was certainly pale, but when he put his hand upon the table it did not tremble. While he was satisfying himself on this point the bell above his door sounded with that imperative summons which is the peculiar property of electric alarms. As the bell of St. Sepulchre's has tolled the knell of many a despairing wretch in Newgate, so this ingenious production of the nineteenth century rang out for him.

It had scarcely finished, and he had barely time to don his mask, before the door opened, and one of the same noiseless servants, with whose appearance he was by this time familiar, entered, and bowed before him. Middlesborough took this as an intimation that he was to follow him, and he accordingly did so, passing in the other's wake down a softly carpeted corridor towards a door at the further end. Many were the men who had trodden that path before him, but surely never one who was making such a sacrifice, or who had such an end in view. The curtains covering the door were pulled aside, and, almost before he realised he had left the passage, he found himself standing in the room he knew so well. Rows of silent spectators sat on either side, while, beside him, was his second, who on his entering bowed and handed him his sword. As he took it he looked for the first time to his opponent. Always behind his settled conviction that it was de Tarvenac with whom he was to fight, there existed a faint hope that it was possible he might be mistaken. Now, however, he saw in a glance that he was not. The man standing opposite him, sword in hand, was the same individual who had killed poor de Gonville. He had no difficulty in recognising the tall figure so elegantly proportioned, and with such a peculiar length of arm.

For upwards of a minute they stood

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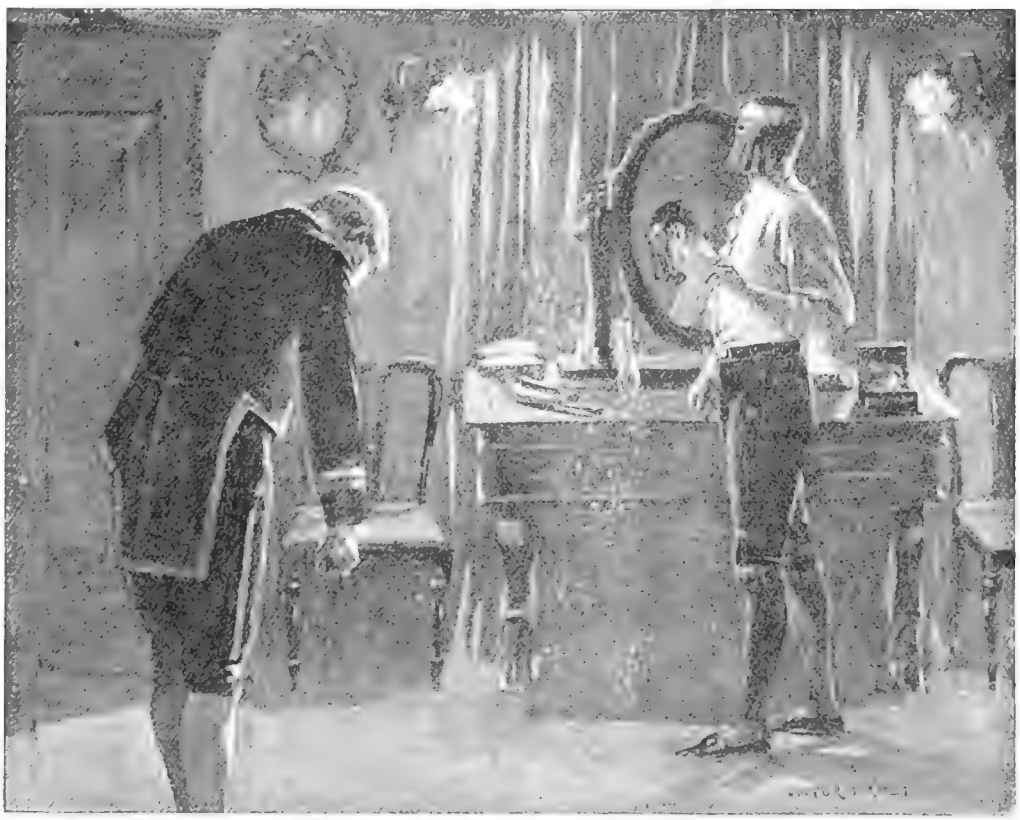
confronting each other. Then the bell sounded once more, and the Woman of Death entered the room. As on the previous occasions that Middlesborough had seen her in her dread capacity, she was dressed entirely in white, the upper half of her face being concealed by a mask of the same colour. With that grace which characterised her movements, she passed down the room and approached the throne. Middlesborough watched her and noticed that as she placed her foot upon the first step of the daïs she swayed a little, as if she was not quite certain of her balance. A second later, however, she had recovered her self-possession, had bowed to the company, and had taken her seat. There was another period of silence, during which the two opponents saluted her and each other, after which she gave the fatal signal.

Both men immediately stepped forward and took their places. The swords crossed and a moment later the combat had commenced. Middlesborough had been permitted an opportunity of judging something of his adversary's skill on the occasion when he had killed de Gonville, and from what he had seen then he felt sure that de Tarvenac must be one of the finest swordsmen in Europe. Though he himself was no mean exponent of the art, he knew that he was not a match for the other, and wondered how long he would be able to hold out against him.

Strange though it may seem, a dozen passes had not been exchanged, before Middlesborough found himself deriving an actual, though peculiar, delight from the encounter. It was that lust of fighting which, it is said, takes possession of the veriest coward as soon as the battle has actually commenced. Time after time de Tarvenac attempted to get within his guard, but always without success. Every attack was met with a parry, but there was no attack in return. The whole assemblage was beginning to wonder what this singular behaviour could mean.



He had barely time to don his mask before the door opened and one of the noiseless servants entered and bowed before him.

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"Come, my friend, what are you doing here?" the gendarme began suspiciously.

At last the seconds, acting on a concerted sign gave the order to disengage, whereupon the combatants separated. When they returned to their places in the centre and the signal was given for the duel to recommence, Middlesborough discovered that his opponent was adopting different tactics. He had taken a leaf out of his adversary's book, and by furnishing him with sufficient opportunities of striking, was endeavouring to induce Middlesborough to relinquish the defensive and to assume the aggressive. But Middlesborough was not to be drawn. On more than one occasion he permitted admirable opportunities to escape him of striking his opponent, and as they noticed this the wonderment of the spectators increased.

At last de Tarvenac, wearied by his futile attempts to achieve his purpose, returned to his former line of action and pressed the attack with such vigour and dexterity that Middlesborough found himself in a position of considerable danger. Once, so close was the other's sword point to his side, that it actually pierced the folds of his loose cambric shirt. An inch and a half further to one side, and nothing could have saved him. A heavy perspiration covered his forehead as he realised that his wrist, tired by his long and obstinate defence, was gradually losing its strength and suppleness. Resolved as he was, however, to persevere until the very last, he still doggedly defended himself, knowing all the time that it could only be a few moments before the deadly point would lay him low for ever.

Once more the seconds interposed. The spectators, who, so far had watched them as if fascinated, moved in their seats. Middlesborough looked at the Woman of Death. She was leaning forward in her chair, supporting her chin in the hollow of her hand. During the period they rested she did not move, nor did she do so when, for the third time, the combat commenced. Once more the signal was given, and once more the two men stood face to face with each other in the centre of the arena. Their swords crossed, and a second later de Tarvenac made a feint, the other parried, and then, almost before the weapons had ceased to touch, Middlesborough's opponent uttered a little cry, staggered for a moment, and then fell prone upon the floor. For a moment Middlesborough could scarcely realise what had happened. He saw the seconds bend over the fallen man. One of them felt his pulse, while the other placed his hand inside his shirt, upon his heart. Then followed an agonising period of uncertainty, which lasted while a man might have counted fifty; after that, one of the men rose to his feet and said in a voice that could be heard throughout the room, "Messieurs, he is dead." On hearing this, Middlesborough's overwrought brain gave way, and he fell fainting into his attendant's arms.

How long he remained unconscious he had no idea, but when he recovered his senses and opened his eyes he was no longer in the arena, or even in his dressing-room. Moreover, he felt strangely cold and cramped. He sat up and looked about him. What he saw induced him to rub his eyes in order to find out if he were awake or dreaming. Nor, all things considered, was his surprise to be wondered at. He found that he was lying in what appeared to be an enormous stone archway. His head ached consumedly, and from the pain he suffered, every bone in his body

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might have been wrenched asunder. At last he struggled to his feet and determined at all hazards to find out where he was.

As he stepped from the shadow out in the open beyond the arch, a man approached him. His uniform proclaimed him a Sergeant de Ville.

"Come, my friend, what are you doing here?" he began suspiciously. Then noticing the other's evening dress he became somewhat more polite. Evidently this was a swell who had been dining not too wisely, but too well, and his experience led him to reflect that under such circumstances swells are usually more free with their money than at other times.

"I have met with an accident," said Middlesborough. "My head seems quite dazed. Would it be troubling you too much to tell me where I am?"

As he said this he produced a ten-franc piece which he handed to the sergeant, who immediately became politeness itself.

"I regret that Monsieur should have been so unfortunate," he said. "Surely he recognises that this is the Arc de Triomphe in the Place de Él'toile. Perhaps Monsieur will permit me to escort him a short distance upon his homeward journey?"

Middlesborough reflected a minute before he replied.

"The Place de l'Étoile?" he said to himself. "How, in the name of all that's wonderful, did I get here?"

But the more he thought of it the further he seemed to be from solving the mystery. Had he been drugged after the fight and brought to here in order that he should not make any scene at the chateau? That seemed the most feasible explanation. One thing was certain however, he must now get home to Cécile as quickly as possible. He looked at his watch and discovered that it was after two o'clock. Nearly two hours had elapsed since he had seen de Tarvenac lying dead upon the floor of that hateful room.

"I hope Monsieur is feeling better now," said the sergeant. "Perhaps with a little searching it would be possible to find a *fiacre*."

"You need not trouble, thank you," Middlesborough answered. "I would rather walk home. I think it will revive me. Good-night my friend, and many thanks to you."

"Good night to Monsieur, and a pleasant walk," said the officer, who immediately entered the arch in order to make sure that there was no other person concealed there.

Leaving the Place de l'Étoile, Middlesborough passed down the Avenue des Champs Élysées, through the Place de La Concorde, not without a shudder as he thought of what his first meeting with de Chartres on that spot had led to, over the bridge de La Concorde, and then down the Boulevard St. Germain to his own house.

When he had removed his hat and cloak

"I have had such a terrible dream," she said; "I dreamt, Evelyn, that you were dead."

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he made his way upstairs, treading as softly as a thief. He was about to pass his wife's door to proceed to his dressing room, when the former was suddenly opened, and Cécile stood before him.

"Oh, thank God, you have come back," she said in a voice overflowing with thankfulness. "You cannot think how frightened I have been concerning you!"

"Frightened about me?" asked Middlesborough, as if in surprise. "What does this mean?"

He led her back into her room and placed her in a chair. She was still trembling violently.

"I have had such a terrible dream," she said. "Ever since it woke me up I have been praying for your return." She paused for a moment and then continued, "I dreamt, Evelyn, that you were dead; in fact, that you had been murdered."

"But why, darling, should you let a mere dream frighten you like this?" he answered, not, however, without a shudder. "Who would be likely to murder me, and for what reason?"

"I dreamt that it was done at Madame d'Espère's instigation," she answered. Then covering her face with her hands she continued, "*And it was my own father whom she employed to do the deed.*"

Middlesborough gazed at her in horror. He was not a believer in dreams, but here was something that was likely to shake his doubt for the remainder of his existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

The morning sun streamed in through the windows as Middlesborough opened the shutters, and it seemed as though the rays heralded the birth of a new life for him. How little had he expected to see this day!

Unlocking the drawer of his writing-table, he took from it the two letters he had written on the previous evening. Placing them on the hearth he set fire to them. Only when they were reduced to ashes was he satisfied. The last flickering flame had scarcely died down before the sound of a bell, ringing in the basement, reached him, followed by a loud knocking at the front door. A few moments later the butler, who had only that moment made his appearance downstairs, knocked at his door and entered, with a serious face.

"A police commissary is at the door, my lord," he said. "He would be glad if he might see you for a few moments on a matter of grave importance."

Middlesborough endeavoured to assume a look of astonishment as he asked what the man wanted.

"Very well, show him in," he said.

The servant departed to return presently with the officer in question. The latter bowed gravely.

"I understand, my lord, that the Comte de Tarvenac is your father-in-law," he said.

"That is so. What can you have to tell me concerning him?"

The other paused for a moment to consider how he should best break the intelligence.

"I must beg your lordship to be prepared for some very unhappy news," he said.

"I am quite prepared," Middlesborough replied. "I beg of you to tell me at once. Can it be possible that he has met with an accident?"

"I have to inform you that Monsieur le Comte was found this morning quite dead, lying before the high altar of the church of St. Paul in the Rue des Marmousets," said the Commissary.

"In the church of the Rue des Marmousets?" cried Middlesborough, unable to conceal his astonishment. "Good Heavens! how did he get there?"

"That is a mystery we cannot solve," the police officer answered. "However, the fact remains that he was found there by the Sacristan when he entered this morning to prepare the church for early Mass. He immediately communicated with us. When we arrived we found on the body a card bearing his name and address."

"This is extremely sad intelligence, and I am greatly shocked at it," said Middlesborough. "As you may suppose, it will have a most distressing effect upon my wife. What have you done with the body?"

"We have conveyed it to the deceased's residence in the Rue Joséphine," the officer replied. "I trust we did right?"

"You did very right," Middlesborough replied. "I will go there at once. In the meantime I must thank you for the promptness you have shown in communicating with me."

The officer withdrew, leaving Middlesborough alone. Now he must consider what he should do. One thing was quite certain: Cécile must be told, and at once. He accordingly ascended to her room, and with the utmost gentleness broke the sad intelligence to her. To his surprise her grief was not as extreme as he had feared it might be. She declared that she had been prepared for it by her dream.

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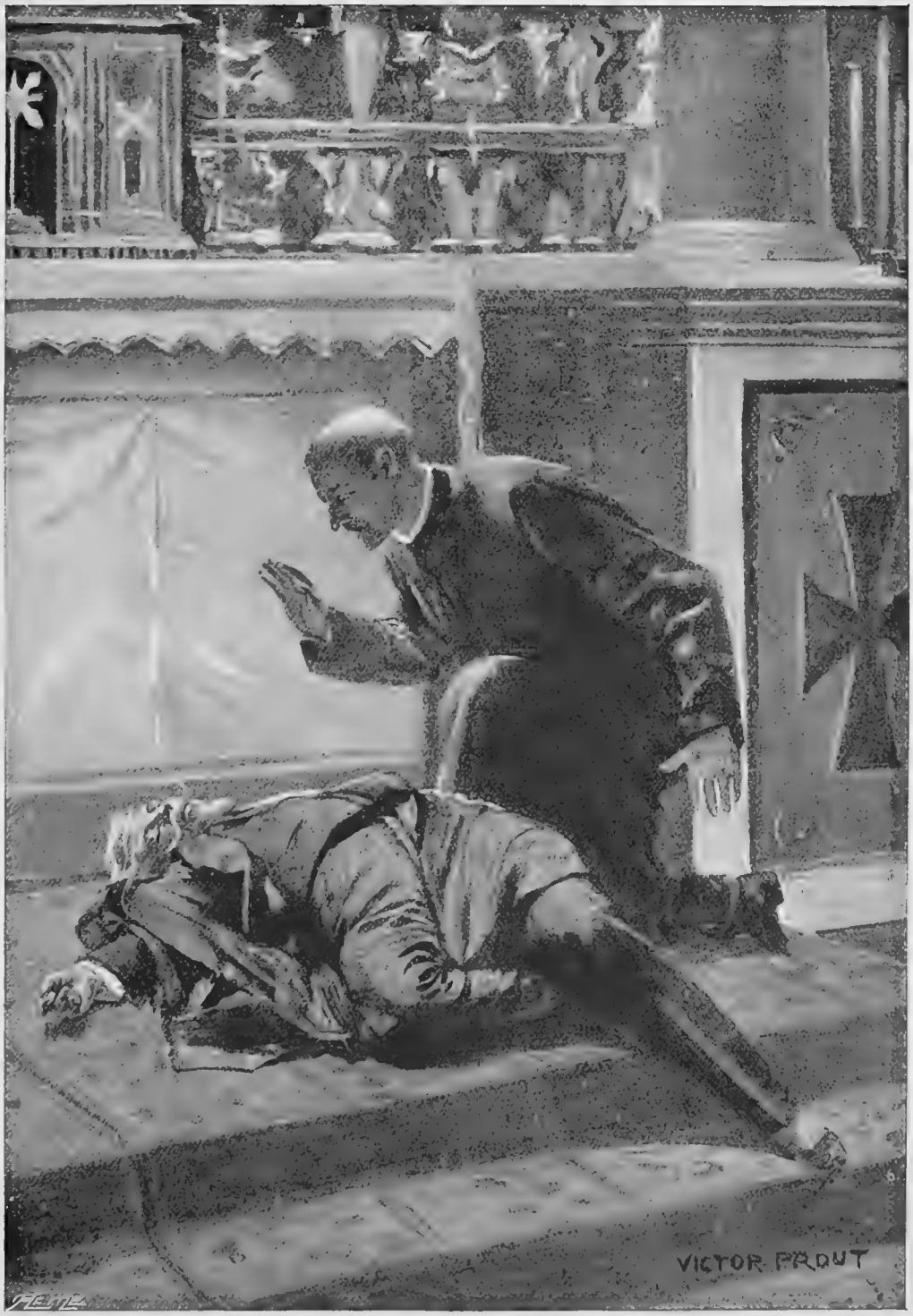

The Count was found quite dead, lying before the high altar of the church of St. Paul.

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"Take me to him," she said simply. "I must go to him at once."

Middlesborough accordingly ordered a carriage to be prepared, and when she had dressed they set off together for the Rue Joséphine. There Middlesborough left her alone with her dead.

When an hour later he returned for her he found her perfectly calm. They accordingly returned to their own home, and after they had breakfasted, Middlesborough once more went out. He drove direct to the Rue Thèbes, a street which his coachman had in all probability never entered before, and having discovered the little chemist's shop on the right hand side, entered, and enquired from the middle-aged assistant behind the counter, where he would be likely to find a certain Monsieur de Chartres.

"Monsieur de Chartres occupies a room upstairs," the man replied. "If Monsieur will have the goodness to wait one moment, I will ascertain whether he is at home and also whether he can see him."

The man departed, and Middlesborough waited patiently for him to return. Presently he did so, when he invited the other to accompany him. At the top of the first flight of stairs the man stopped and knocked at a door, and a voice from inside bade him enter. Middlesborough accordingly did so, and found himself in a room such as he had not expected to see. The walls were lined with bookshelves, the floor was softly carpeted, and an excellently painted window shut off all view of the outside world. In the centre of the apartment stood a writing-table, and at this sat M. de Chartres.

"Good-morning, Lord Middlesborough," said the latter, rising and bowing to his guest. "You are abroad early this morning. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

In reply Middlesborough took from his pocket an envelope, which he handed to the man before him.

"Last night," he said, "I fought my first and only duel. I am here now to pay the amount of the fine imposed by the rules, and to inform you that henceforth I shall cease to be a member of the club."

De Chartres took the envelope and withdrew the cheque it contained. Having examined it carefully, he drew a sheet of note paper towards him and wrote something upon it. Then he handed it to Middlesborough.

"There is your receipt," he said.

Middlesborough examined it in turn. What he read was as follows:

> Received from Lord Middlesborough the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand francs, which amount secures his release from any agreement he may have entered into with me.

"I thank you," said Middlesborough. "And now one other question."

"What is that?"

"I want you to tell me where I can find the person you call the Woman of Death?"

"She has left Paris," the other replied, "and she will never return. I am quite sure of that. Is there anything more I can do to serve you? No! Then I have the honour to wish your lordship good-morning and good-bye."

When Middlesborough had taken his place in his cab once more, he bade his coachman drive him home by way of the Champs Elysées. He wanted to see if what de Chartres had told him were correct. It certainly appeared to be, for when the carriage reached Madame d'Espère's residence, he noticed that the shutters were up at the windows and that the house had the appearance of being unoccupied.

* * * * *

True to the promise he had made to himself on the morning after his terrible adventure, Middlesborough and his wife crossed to England immediately after de Tarvenac's funeral, to take up their residence at "Burgrove." In the years that have elapsed since that night when he last saw the house at St. Germain, Middlesborough has made his personality felt in English politics. He takes an overwhelming interest in all that appertains to his estates and his tenants, and, above all, he loves his wife and children with an affection that grows stronger every day.

"There is only one subject upon which we differ," his wife tells her friends, with a mock regret. "Try how I will, I cannot persuade him to remain for more than a week in Paris.

To this Middlesborough invariably answers that he has tired of the Gay City. He does not tell her that he can never disassociate the French capital in his memory from his acquaintance with a person of whom he has never since heard, but who was once known to himself and other people by the soubriquet of,

"THE WOMAN OF DEATH."

[THE END.]

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OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Teaching Her Piggies to Root.

An English Beauty Spot.

Uncle Tom and Little Eva.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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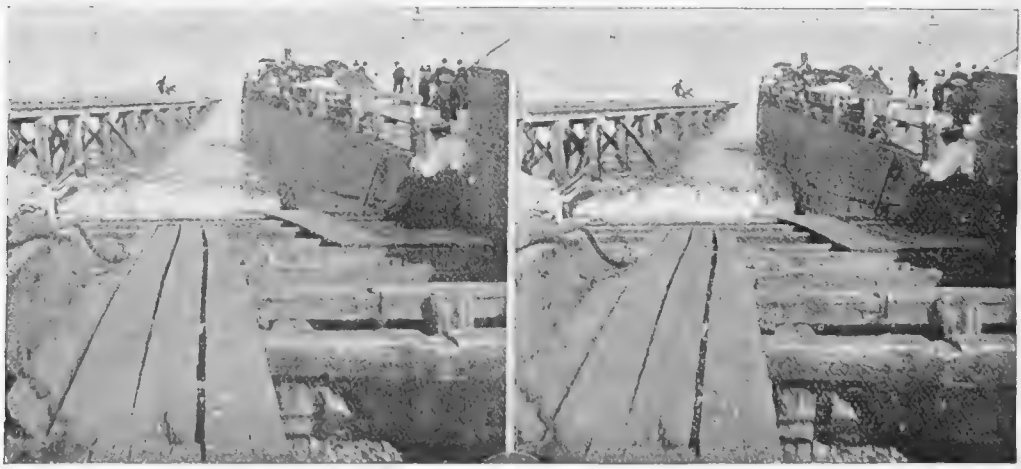
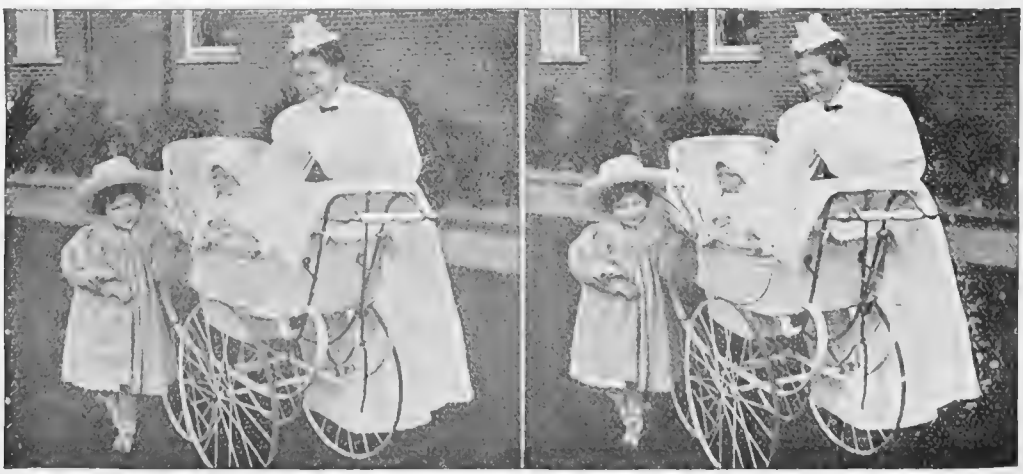
A Japanese Coquette.



At Broadstairs.



Going for a Walk.

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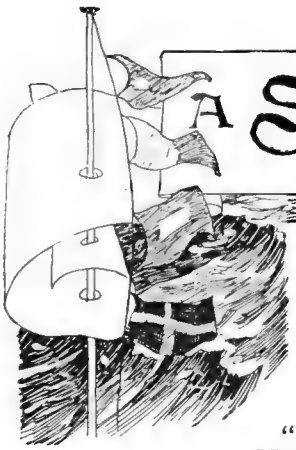

A Signal Success

By R. Austin Freeman

Illustrations by Paget

I.

"The men have come aft, sir, and they say they want to speak to you."

"They want to speak to me, Mr. Jopling, do they?" said Captain Merriman in a tone of surprise. "Do you know what about?"

"I don't, sir," replied the first mate, "but by the look of them I should say there's something brewing."

Captain Merriman dropped the compasses on to the chart on which he had been working out his position and strode out of his cabin and up the companion way, followed closely by the mate.

The men were gathered in a knot just by the break of the poop, and a glance at their faces and attitudes told the Captain that there was something amiss.

"Well, my lads," he called out in a cheery, good-humoured voice, "what is it that you have to say to me?"

The men were silent for a few seconds and fidgetted about with an air of embarrassment. At length, one Joe Salter, the boatswain, stepped forward a pace and cleared his throat.

"Why d'ye see, Captain Merriman," he said, "the thing's like this here. We've been hearing a lot about Klondike and the fortunes that's been made there by able-bodied workin' men like us, and we've been a-thinkin'—in fact, the long and short of it is, we're going to Klondike ourselves."

"Very well, men," said the Captain, "but it's early days to talk of that matter, seeing that we are only four days out from Sydney; moreover, it is no business of mine where you go after you're paid off, so long as you do your duty while you're aboard."

"But we ain't agoing to wait till we're paid off—we're a-going now, on this here ship."

"The deuce you are," exclaimed the Captain angrily, "I can tell you, my men, you'll have to settle with me first."

"We're quite ready to settle with you, if you want us to," replied Salter with a grin. "Here, boys, show him your teeth," and, to the skipper's amazement, every man, including the boatswain, whipped out a regulation navy revolver.

"You see," said Salter, "we're ready for anything that may turn up, and I may tell you that we've got all your firearms as well. And look you here, Captain Merriman," he added, "you'd best keep a civil tongue. We're masters of this here vessel and you've got to obey our orders. We made all our arrangements before we left the London Docks, and the whole thing's settled; and if you do what you're told, and don't give us none o' your lip, you'll find we're uncommon pleasant bosses to work under."

The skipper bit his lip and reflected.

"You'd better think again, men," he said presently, regarding the men without a sign of irritation—"mutiny is a serious thing, and you have no excuse that I know of; you have good food and comfortable berths, haven't you?"

"Now you needn't try to come round us, you know," said Joe Salter, "with yer argiments. If the grub hadn't been all right you'd ha' heard from us before this. No, we ain't a-makin' no complaints, but wot we says and wot we sticks to is that we're going to take charge of this here ship and we're goin' to employ you to navigate her for us."

"And supposing I refuse?" asked the Captain.

"Why then overboard you goes, and we'll employ Mr. Jopling instead; and if he refuses,

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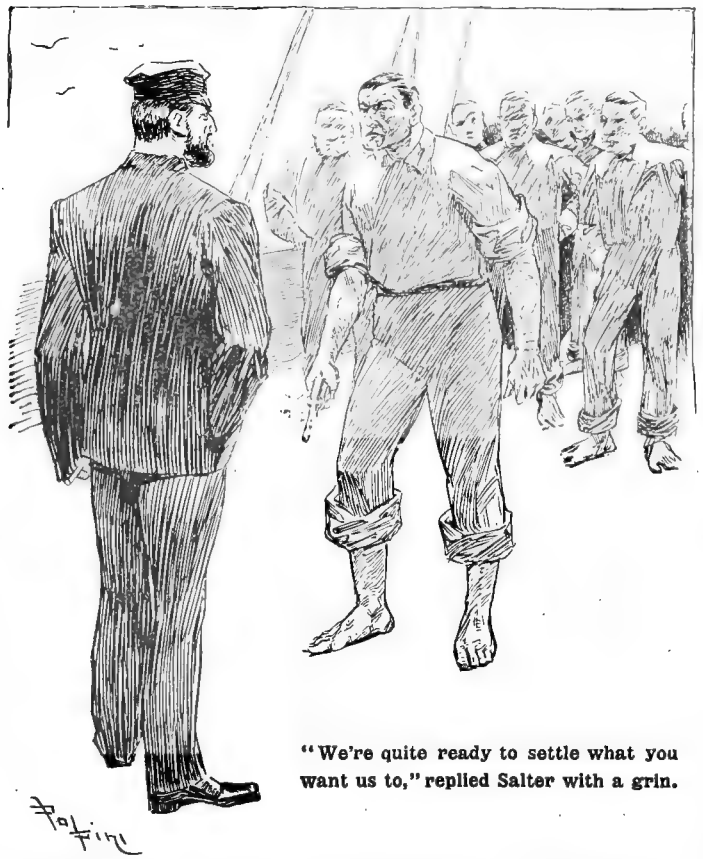

"We're quite ready to settle what you want us to," replied Salter with a grin.

overboard *he* goes and we tries Mr. Saunders, and if none of the mates won't do as they are asked, we chucks 'em all overboard and works the bloomin' ship ourselves."

"I should like to talk this matter over with my officers," said the Captain.

"I daresay yer would, but yer won't. We ain't a-goin' to have you a colloguin' and a plottin' against us. We're goin' to give them there mates nice compact quarters in the forecastle, but you'll be allowed to keep your cabin, and I shall take Mr. Jopling's so as I shall be near to you if you should want my advice in navigatin' the ship."

These last remarks of the boatswain's were received by the crew with sniggers of enjoyment, and Salter, thus encouraged, proceeded:

"And now if them three mates will do us the honour to step forrard they will be shown to their apartments."

"What do you wish us to do, sir?" asked the first mate with a face like thunder.

"Well, Mr. Jopling," replied the Captain, "here are thirty men armed, and here are we four men unarmed. That is the situation, and I am afraid there is nothing for us but to accept it."

"Spoken like a sensible man," commented Salter jeeringly, and without another word the three mates descended on to the main deck and marched forward with the crew.

"What port is it you want to make for?" asked the Captain of Salter, who had now stepped up on to the poop.

"The nearest port to Klondike," answered the boatswain.

"That would be somewhere about Cross Sound, I suppose."

"Very well, that will do; you can show it me on the chart presently. You will make direct for Cross Sound, and, when we're a day's easy sail off the land, let me know and I'll tell you what to do next. And see here; if I catch you at any tricks, takin' the ship into any other port or trying to make signals to any other vessel, you're a dead man that very instant."

Captain Merriman nodded and passed down the companion way.

That night Captain Merriman retired to his cabin at about half-past nine. Having lit a pipe, he reached down from his small bookshelf a leather-bound volume marked "International Code Signals," and studied it attentively, making a few brief notes on a sheet of paper until, hearing a footstep on the companion stair, he hurriedly replaced the book, turned the paper over and fixed a meditative gaze upon the tell-tale compass just over his head.

"Havin' a quiet pipe, are yer?" observed Joe Salter, thrusting his head in at the cabin door and peering round suspiciously.

"Yes, I'm having a pipe," returned the Captain without removing his gaze from the compass.

"Well, I'm going to have a weed myself. Keep yer pecker up, Cap'n. So long," and he vanished into his—or, rather, into Mr. Jopling's—cabin whence presently issued the

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aroma of one of Mr. Jopling's special Havanas accompanied by the sound of frequent expectoration.

Now, if Mr. Joseph Salter had possessed an abnormally acute sense of hearing he might have detected certain faint but curious sounds in the direction of the adjoining cabin. He might, for instance, have heard a key turned very softly in a lock, and then the scarcely distinguishable creak of a pair of hinges, followed by a prolonged soft rustling. He might then have been aware of a second faint creak and another soft revolution of a key. But Mr. Salter's senses were not abnormally acute, and there are many noises in the cabin of a wooden sailing ship under way.

II.

"PUT up the helm there and keep her away a point or two. Ease off the lee braces and let her go free."

It was Joe Salter who issued the above orders, notwithstanding that the Captain was on deck and was nominally in command of the ship.

The latter's face flushed angrily for a moment, but he controlled himself by an effort and said coldly to the boatswain:

"You perceive that you are putting the ship off her course."

By way of reply the boatswain expectorated on the deck and strolled forward to the break of the poop to watch the hands manning the braces.

Captain Merriman walked to the taffrail and gazed intently at the horizon astern, but could distinguish nothing; as he turned, however, he perceived for the first time a man perched on the main yard looking in the same direction, and presently Salter came aft, and, taking the telescope from the companion hatch, ascended into the mizzen top, where he stood observing some object on the weather quarter.

"Set the foretopmast stun'sails," roared the boatswain.

The Captain again gazed in the direction in which the boatswain's glass pointed, and presently his practised eye detected a minute grey speck.

He rapidly descended to his cabin, and in a few moments returned with his own glass, through which he examined the object on the horizon.

Seen in the field of the telescope the grey speck resolved itself into a buff-painted funnel, from which no smoke issued, and the three masts of a barque with single topsail-yards and no sail set.

The Captain drew a deep breath.

"Well, what do you make of her?" asked Salter sulkily.

"A cruiser under steam, I fancy," replied the skipper.

"Englishman or foreigner?"

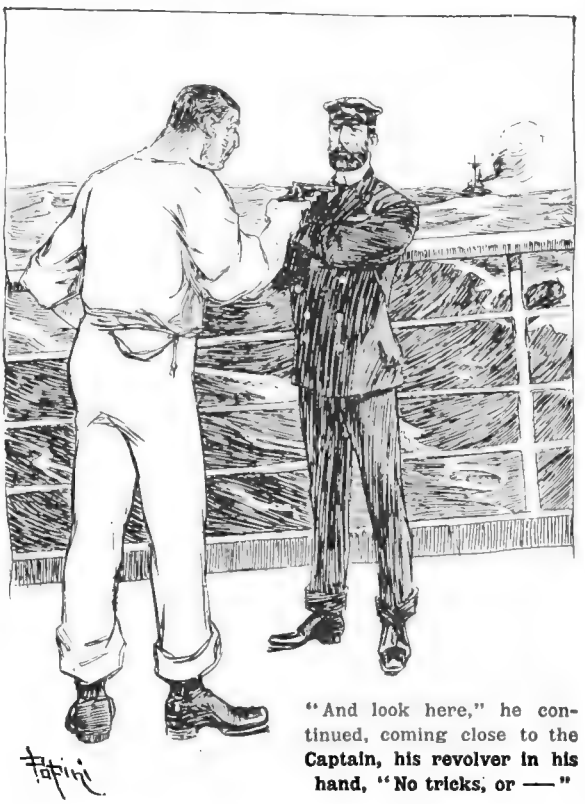
"English, I think."

"So do I," replied the boatswain; "and look here," he continued, coming close to the Captain, his revolver in his hand, "if she comes within speaking distance, you mind what I said. No tricks, or ——" And he scowled significantly, and rolled away forward.

The Captain looked at the retreating figure of the boatswain, and a faint, quizzical smile spread over his face for an instant.

"Luff her up again," bawled Salter some ten minutes later, "slack off the weather braces and look smart, my lads. That cruiser is end on again. And get in them stun' sails as quick as you can."

Once more the braces were manned and



"And look here," he continued, coming close to the Captain, his revolver in his hand, "No tricks, or ——"

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the yards swung round as the ship luffed up until the wind was right abeam.

The Captain took another peep at the approaching stranger, the white hull of which was now well above the horizon. As the ship luffed and presented her broadside to the cruiser, the latter also changed her course and made for a point well ahead of the *Patagonia*. This manœuvre was quickly observed by the knot of men who had gathered on the poop to watch the man o' war.

"She's a-headin' us off, Joe, she'll be right aboard us presently," said one of the hands to Salter, "what are you goin' to do next?"

"Do?" repeated the boatswain irritably. "What can you do? If she wants to speak us she'll have to, seeing that she's doing sixteen knots to our eight."

"No, that won't do, Joe Salter," retorted the other. "If any of her people board this here ship it means chokee for us, that's wot it means. Ain't that so, mates?" he continued, turning to the rest of the crew.

"Ay, that's so," was the rejoinder in a growling chorus.

"Well, what would *you* do, Bill Hurst?" asked the boatswain turning to the first speaker defiantly.

"Why I'd wear ship and show her our heels," replied Hurst.

"And let her see as we're a-running away from her," sneered Salter.

"Bill Hurst's right," said another of the men. "We'd best wear right away," and this statement was met by a chorus of approval.

"All right then, wear ship and be hanged to you," exclaimed Salter turning his back to his comrades.

Once more the helm was put up, the brace-blocks "cheeped," the big yards swung round, and the *Patagonia*, having fallen off, came up on the opposite tack on a course at more than a right angle to her previous one.

As soon as this manœuvre was executed, all hands came aft and mounted the poop to watch the cruiser, Salter and the captain keeping her covered by their glasses.

"Hang me if she ain't a follerin' us," exclaimed the boatswain suddenly, and sure enough the cruiser's white hull rapidly shortened as she turned right into the *Patagonia's* wake.

An expression of alarm soon made its appearances on the faces of the men, and their anxiety continued to increase in spite of the boatswain's efforts to reassure them.

In half an hour the cruiser had reached a position about one mile away on the *Patagonia's* starboard beam. The crew, ranged along the weather bulwark, watched the stranger for a time in silence, while Salter followed her movements closely with his glass, which he had steadied against one of the mizzen shrouds.

"There she goes!" suddenly exclaimed Bill Hurst as two tiny coloured specks mounted to the cruiser's peak.

"B. D.,"* commented the Captain, putting down his telescope.

"*All* right," exclaimed Salter turning insolently towards him, "nobody asked you to speak. I reckon every seaman knows what the red burgee and the blue pennant means seein' as they are always a flyin' from Lloyd's stations all over the world. Now then, boys, where's the flag chest?"

"Why, it's kep' in the Cap'n's cabin," said Fox, the steward.

"Well, then, get it up here, two of you, and look lively, or we'll have them sending a boat," shouted the boatswain.

Several men scrambled in a great hurry down the companion, and in a very few seconds the chest was planted on the deck close to the wheel.

"What's our number, you?" asked Salter of the Captain.

"There's the code-book in the chest," replied the latter. "You can see for yourself."

"Well, show us where it is," said Salter, handling the book rather foolishly.

The Captain opened the book at the list of ships' names and gave it back to the boatswain. "There is the list," he said, "you will find our name among the 'p's.'"

Salter drew a stumpy forefinger down the column of names commencing with "p." "Ah! here we are," he said at length, as his finger became stationary, "'*Patagonia*, of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641. M. P. W. G.' Now, Hurst, you toggle the flags on to the halyards as I pass 'em to you. Here's M," and he fished the ball of bunting out of the compartment labelled "M" and passed it to Hurst—"here's P, this here's W, and there's G. Up with 'em smartly."

Hurst made fast the toggles, and then hauled briskly on the halyards, and the four balls of bunting mounted rapidly to the peak. A smart jerk on the halyards unrolled the four balls simultaneously, and the four brightly-coloured flags fluttered gaily against

* "What ship is that?"

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the blue sky. The cruiser's signal was instantly lowered, and shortly afterwards a single coloured speck was seen to rise to the mast-head.

"There goes the answering pennant," observed Salter with his eye to the glass. "Now they've got their answer they can hook it as soon as they like. Down with them signals and let's stow 'em away."

The Captain, standing by the binnacle, watched furtively as Salter detached the flags and stuffed them untidily into their compartments. Then, as the boatswain slammed down the lid of the chest and turned the key, he heaved a sigh of relief and turned to take another look at the cruiser.

"I say, Joe," shouted Hurst excitedly, as he gazed intently at the man-o'-war, "she's a-roundin' to. S'help me if she ain't a-headin' straight for us." He picked up the telescope and pointed it at the cruiser.

The skipper adroitly executed what is known as a postman's knock on the unlovely countenance of Mr. Salter.

"Why, dash my eyes, if they ain't a-gettin' ready to lower a boat," he exclaimed, turning to Salter.

The boatswain snatched the Captain's telescope from his hand and took a long look at the approaching vessel.

"Let's have a squint, Bill," said one of the men, taking the glass from Hurst and levelling it at the cruiser.

"Yes," he exclaimed after a moment's inspection, "there's the boat right enough a-swingin' from the davits. Why" he roared, after a pause, "there's a whole crowd of guffies a-gettin' into her."

Salter, who had observed the knot of red-coated marines climbing into the boat, laid down his glass and, discharging a volley of oaths and imprecations, strode up to the Captain and shook a large and dirty fist in his face.

"You hound," he screamed, huskily, "I'll learn yer, I will."

The precise character of the instruction he proposed to offer his commander did not appear, but the latter having regarded him for a moment with a bland smile, turned to the crew who were standing looking blank enough by the rail.

"Now listen to me, my lads," he said, "and don't be fooled any longer by that mutinous scoundrel——"

His speech was brought to an abrupt end by a sounding smack on the face delivered by the infuriated boatswain; but before anyone had time to realise what had happened, the skipper had adroitly executed what is known to pugilists as a postman's knock on the unlovely countenance of Mr. Salter, who staggered backwards across the deck until he

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brought up heavily against the binnacle, thereby knocking the breath out of his own body, and driving his elbow through the plate glass front of the instrument.

Captain Merriman was about to follow up the attack when a rush was made at him, and his arms were pinioned by several of the men. The boatswain picked himself up, and, drawing his revolver from his pocket, roared out in a voice made husky with fury:

"Stand clear there while I blow his brains out!"

"Here, none o' that, Joe Salter," exclaimed Hurst sternly. "The stone jug's enough for us; we don't want no running bowlines round our scrags, so you just stow it."

"All right, Bill," replied Salter conciliatingly, returning his pistol to his pocket; "I allow I'm a bit hasty, but *I* don't want no bloodshed if I don't get too much aggravation. But see here, mates; that boat will be alongside in a few minutes, so if we're going to do anything we'd best set about it quick."

"But what *are* we going to do?" queried Hurst.

"Why, this is what I'd do," answered the boatswain. "I'd first lock that swab," pointing to the Captain, "up in the forecastle along o' the others."

"But," interrupted Hurst, "they'll want to see the Captain."

"O' course they will," rejoined Salter, "and they *will* see him. *I'm* the captain of this blessed ship, and so you'll know what to say."

"My eye!" murmured one of the men, glancing round at his grinning messmates, "that cat won't jump, I reckon."

"Well, are you going to be taken like a pack of fools, or are you going to have a try for Klondike?" asked Salter glaring contemptuously at the men.

"We'll have a try," answered the men, without very much enthusiasm however.

"Very well," said Salter, "that's settled. Now get the skipper stowed away forward as quick as you can, and leave the rest to me."

"Well, I'll explain," said Captain Merriman, regarding the lieutenant with a twinkling eye.

The Captain was thereupon bundled forward and locked up in the forecastle, while the boatswain hurried down into the cabin.

In a few minutes the man-o'-war's boat—a large launch—came alongside, and as the three officers who had come with her stepped on deck, the boatswain, rigged out in a coat and cap belonging to the Captain, appeared at the break of the poop and descended to meet them.

Salter's appearance was the signal for the outbreak of an epidemic of grins from the crew of the *Patagonia*, which his

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admonitory scowls and grimaces only served to increase.

"Could we see the Captain?" asked the senior officer, a dry, brown-faced, little lieutenant, addressing Salter.

"Yer could," replied the latter, "if yer was to cast yer eyes on me."

"Oh!" responded the lieutenant, regarding Salter in undisguised astonishment, especially as to his shirt collar and his immense grubby paws.

"Why 'Ho?'" enquired Salter tartly, upon which the youngest officer—a lanky midshipman—retired to the bulwark and apparently suppressed a sneeze.

"For what purpose might you have boarded my vessel?" persisted the boatswain.

The lieutenant glanced at his companions with a puzzled expression, and after a short pause, said:—

"Our Captain thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to allow us to compare our chronometers with yours."

"Why cert'nly," replied Salter, "with pleasure. Where are they?"

"Where are what?" asked the astonished officer.

"Your chronometers. Have you got 'em with you?"

"Good Heavens! No!" replied the lieutenant, in a tone of amazement. "I've brought a hack watch, of course."

"Oh! ah!" responded Salter, in no little confusion. "Well, come along below," and he scuttled down the companion way cursing softly under his breath.

"Stay on deck, Woodburn," said the lieutenant in an undertone to his junior, "and keep your weather eye lifting."

"Rather," responded the sub significantly, as the lieutenant and the midshipman followed Salter below.

"Now as to these here chronometers," said the latter, slapping the instruments with his great paw, "which one will you see first?"

"Whichever you please," replied the lieutenant.

"Well, we'll try this one, then," said the boatswain, unfastening the hooks and endeavouring vainly to raise the lid of the case.

"The thing's locked," he muttered, turning crimson. "Here you, Fox."

"Yes, sir," said the steward, thrusting a scared face in at the cabin door with rather suspicious promptitude.

"Go and fetch the key of the chronometers."

"Beg pardon, sir, but the keys is kept inside the cases," said the steward hastily.

"But the cases are locked, you idiot. Go and fetch the keys, and look sharp." Here the boatswain shook his fist and scowled frightfully, and the steward, suddenly comprehending, hurried away.

During this dialogue the two officers exchanged brief but significant glances.

Barely two minutes had passed before the silence was broken by a confused noise from the deck, followed by the scuffling of feet on the companion stairs. As the footsteps reached the cabin door Salter leaped from his chair with a loud curse, and the officers turning round beheld Captain Merriman and the sub-lieutenant, closely attended by a sergeant of marines, who carried and ostentatiously clinked a pair of handcuffs.

"How the deuce did you manage it?" asked the lieutenant of Captain Merriman when the officers had the cabin to themselves.

"Manage what?" queried the Captain.

"How did you get them to run up *that* signal of all others?"

"Well, I'll explain," said Captain Merriman cutting the end off a cigar and regarding the lieutenant with a twinkling eye. "The flag chest, which you may have noticed on deck, was always kept down here. Now, on the night when the mutiny broke out, after the lights were extinguished I had a brief interview with that flag chest, and ventured to make a few trifling alterations in its arrangement. Our number is M.P.W.G., and as it was almost certain that that signal would be made before any other I changed those particular flags. I took M out of its compartment and stuffed D in its place, P changed places with K, W. with P, and G. with R. Now when Salter got the flag chest on deck and asked me what signal to make and how to make it, I referred him to the code book where he found our number without any difficulty. I was afraid he would notice the change in the flags, but he never unrolled them, and they remained in a ball until the halyards were jerked.

"Now Salter got the flags out of their compartments quite correctly, but of course when they went up instead of making M.P.W.G., '*Patagonia*, of London, 1,200 tons, official number 388641,' they made, 'D.K.P.R., mutinied.'"

The midshipman fell back in his chair with a bellow of enjoyment as the skipper concluded his recital, while the grinning lieutenant remarked, "Well, Captain, I must say that you've salted their tails very nicely."

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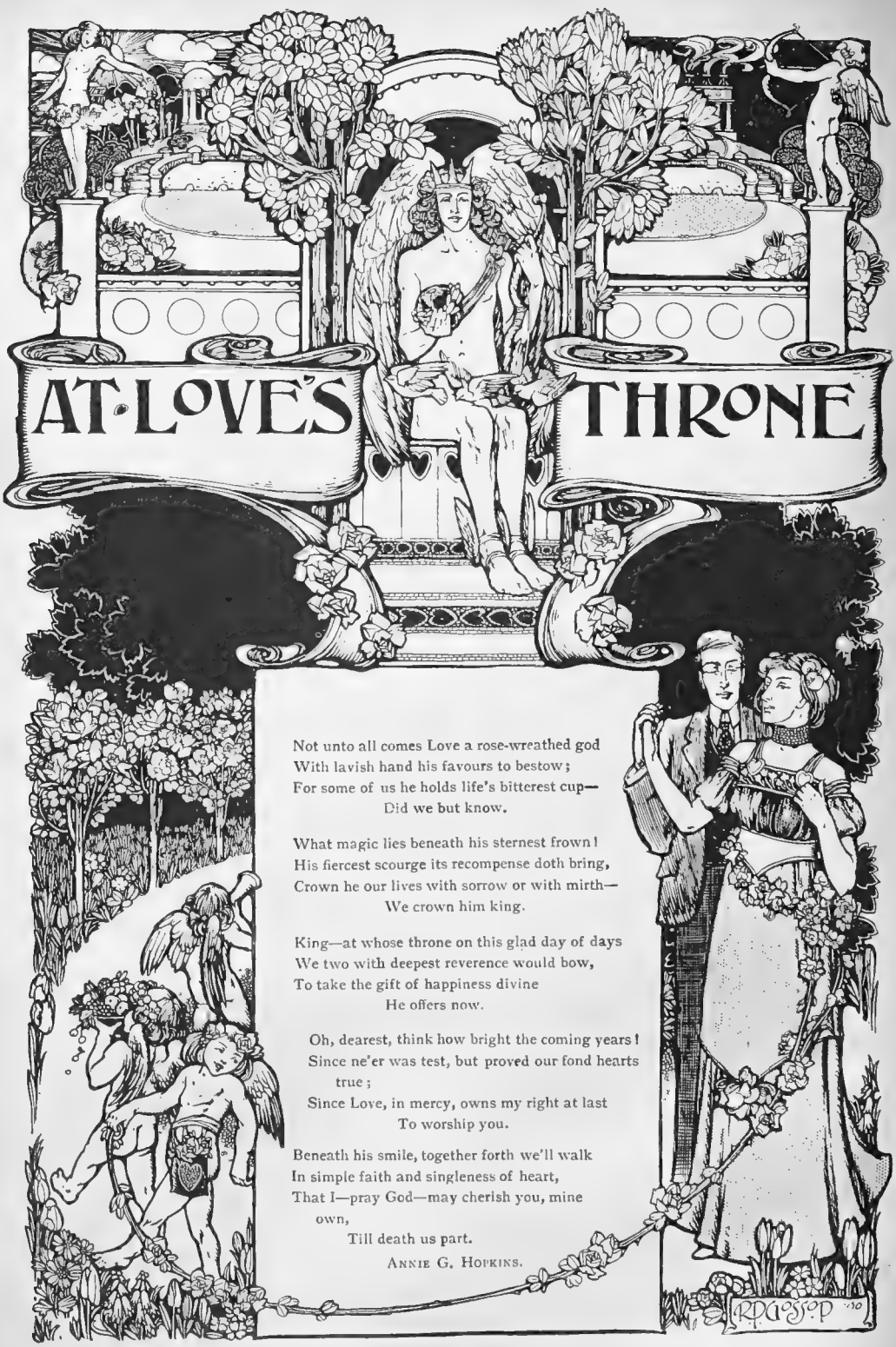

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Since ne'er was test, but proved our fond hearts true;
Since Love, in mercy, owns my right at last
To worship you.

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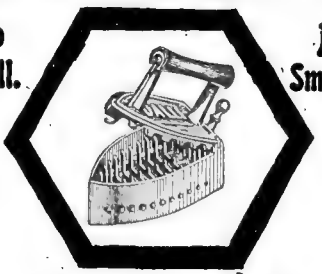

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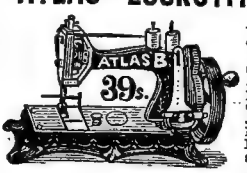

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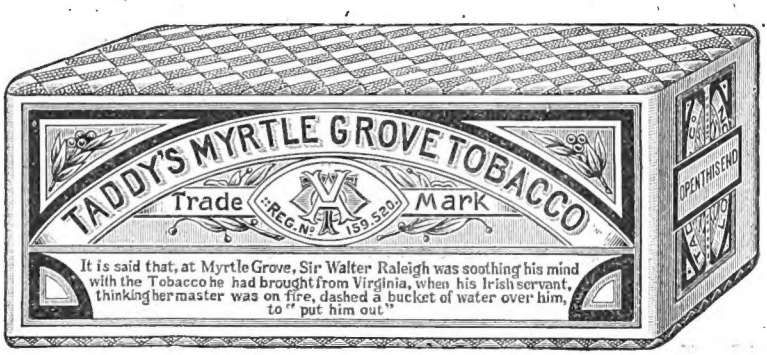
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